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how to wear them and  
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the change that can make you  
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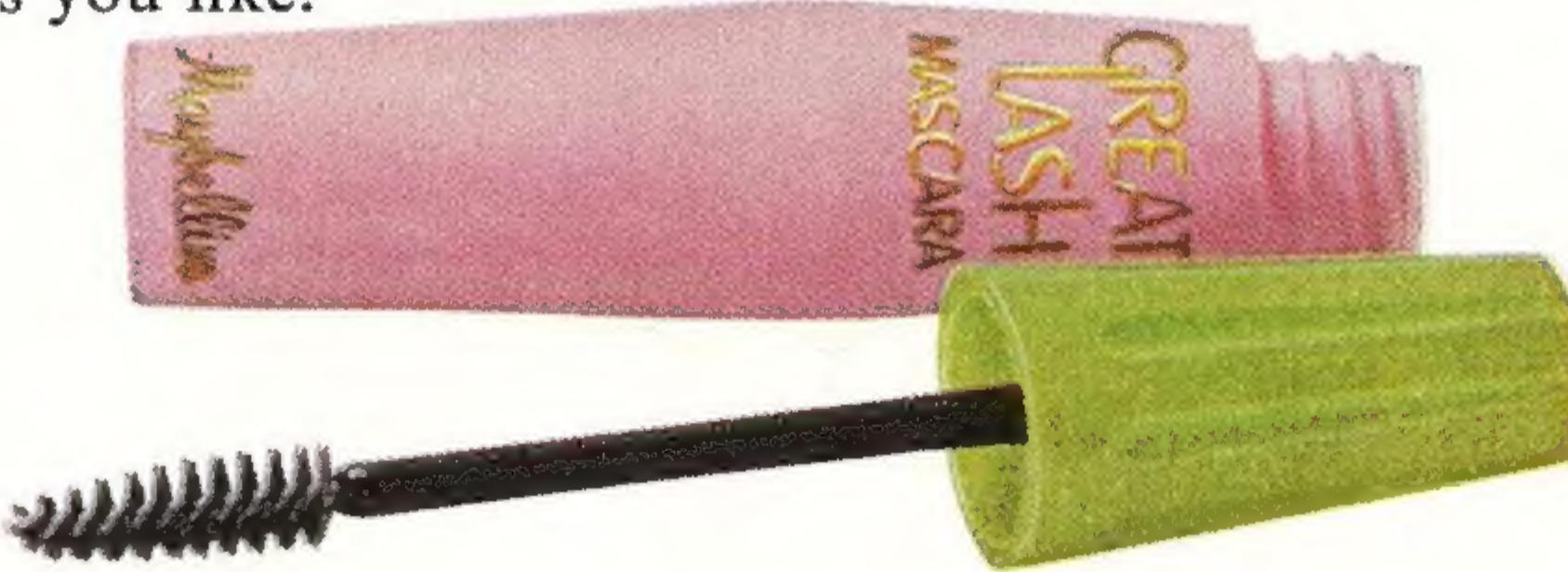
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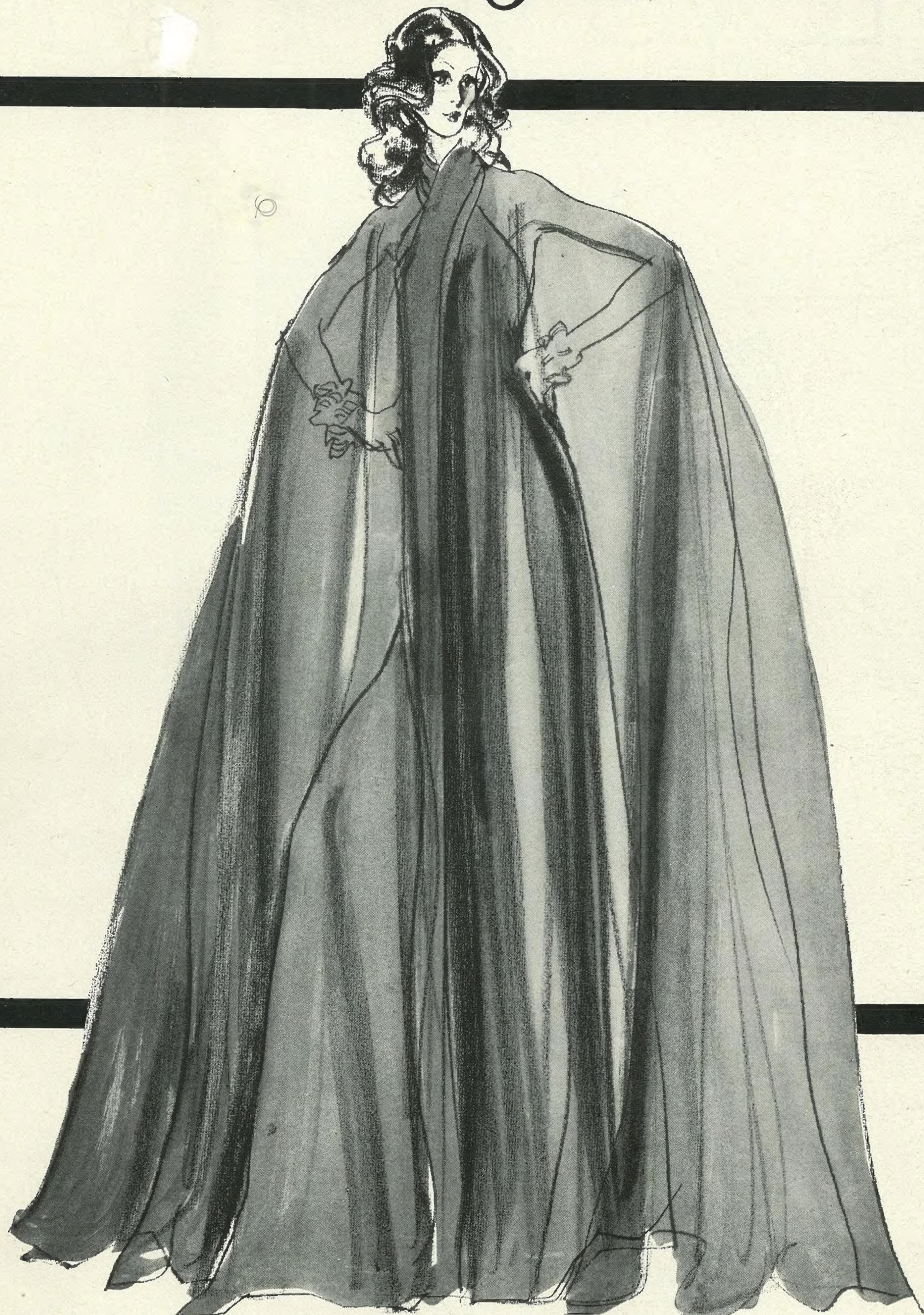
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# VOGUE

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PENATI

COVER: First fashion guideline of the season—the separate jacket to wear over everything at night (and for day, if you've got the panache—over suède jeans and matching turtleneck) . . . pure dazzle in embroidered red satin. Vogue Pattern jacket; fabric, at Saks. Shown full-length, page 67. . . . Beauty Guideline: the face with more glow, more shimmer at night—achieved here with Amber Blush Cream, Melon Lip Color; both from Geminette by Max Factor. Arthur of Kenneth coif.

GRACE MIRABELLA

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AUSTRALIAN VOGUE

49 Clarence Street, Sydney

ITALIAN VOGUE

Piazza Castello 27, Milan

International Executive Editor:

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VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY

THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.

420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

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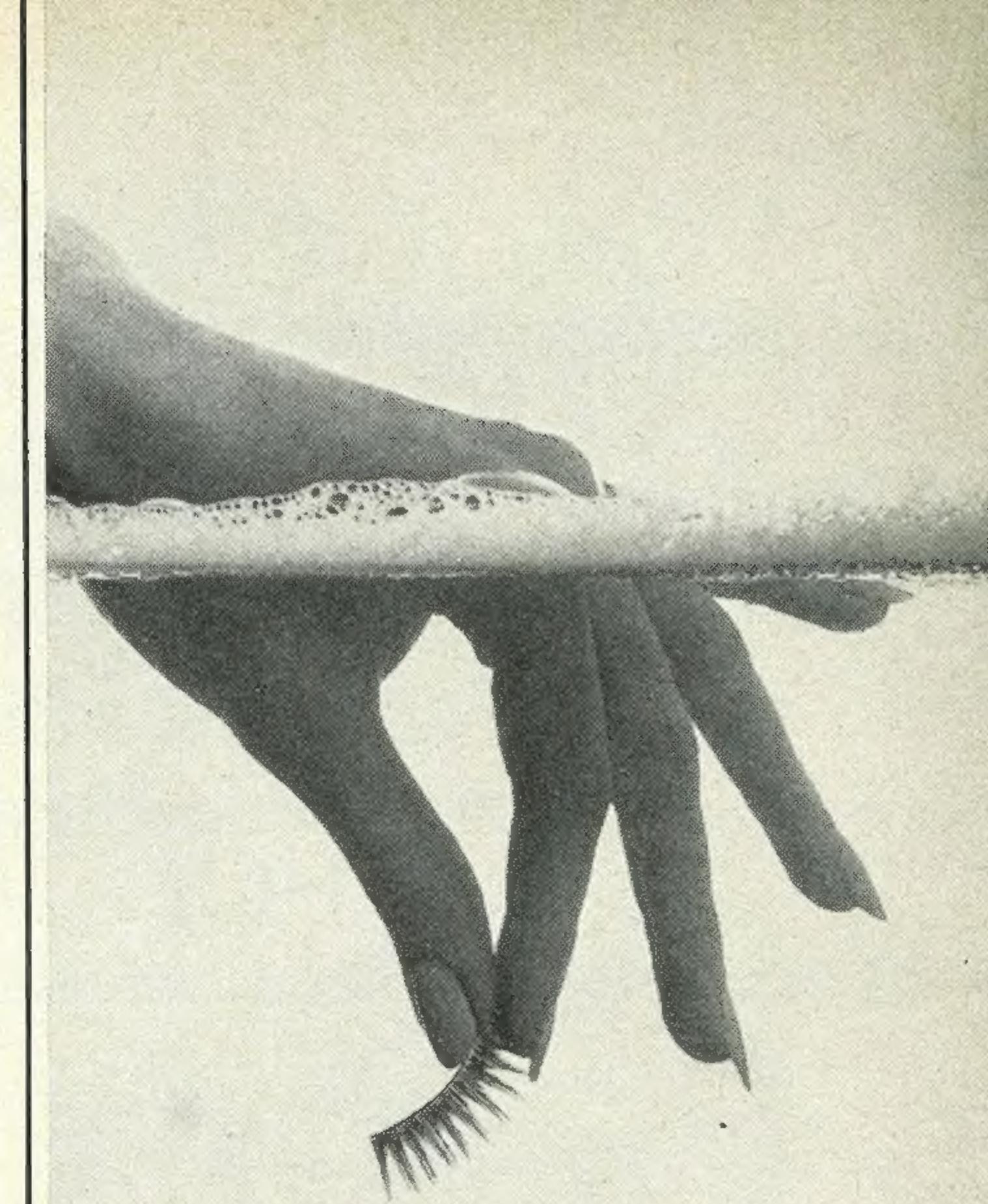
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VOGUE (INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR) IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID, AT NEW YORK, N.Y., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, \$10 FOR ONE YEAR, \$17 FOR TWO YEARS, \$22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, \$11 FOR ONE YEAR, \$19 FOR TWO YEARS, \$25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, \$15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75¢. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, AND ADJUSTMENTS, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOX 5201, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. PLEASE GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

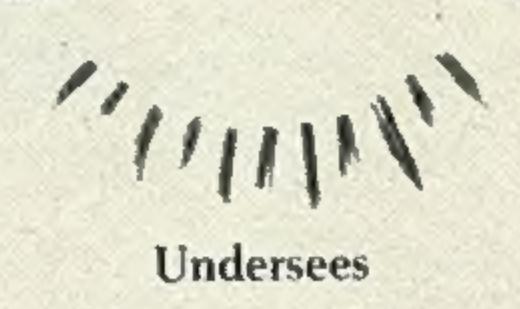
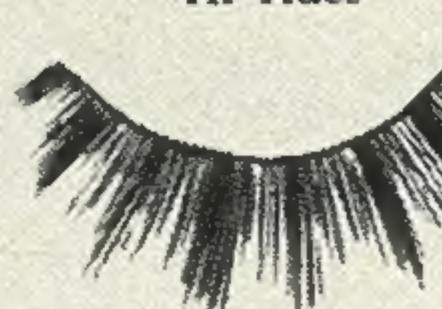
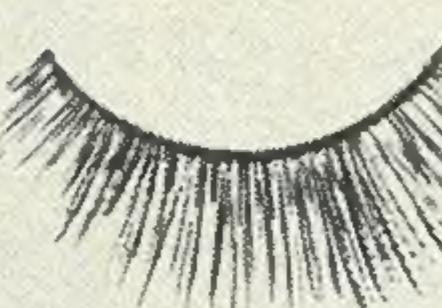
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## UPWARD MOBILITY IN THE MOB

### *Real Mafiosi are brighter and less amusing than the mythical kind*

#### "HONOR THY FATHER" BY GAY TALESE

**G**ay Talese has written a unique, nonfiction Mafia book, *Honor Thy Father* (The World Publishing Company), in that the special point of view is that of Salvatore (Bill) Bonanno, son of a boss, Joseph Bonanno. Known around as Joe Bananas, he ran policy, gambling, loan-shark, prostitution, and narcotics rackets and, until other Family heads decided he was too rotten greedy, sat on the nine-to-twelve-member national Commission that controlled Cosa Nostra or the Syndicate or the Mafia. Only outsiders like me, the police, and specialists on organized crime use the word "Mafia"; Talese sprinkles it like Parmesan. His book has an inevitable excitement, partly because of the miserable fascination with Mafia mythology that enthralls this country.

Unfortunately, Talese is sometimes a bungling technician who doesn't know enough about his craft to refrain from telling what his subjects thought (fiction) as they opened a door or holed up in Arizona. Although Talese's real Mafia are brighter and less amusing than Jimmy Breslin's fictional Mafia, they are not particularly shrewd. They chose, however, fantastically profitable businesses: dealing in heroin and cocaine, loan sharking, extortion, gambling. Now, the Families—twenty, twenty-four—are deep in legitimate businesses, hiding their money. In the 'twenties, 'thirties, and 'forties such chiefs as Lucky Luciano, deported in 1947, were also into organized prostitution until the trade ran down, with the hustle then taken over in part by Puerto Ricans and Blacks. At the top, however, are not only the Mafia bosses but the politically corrupted with some police owned, like racehorses, by the Syndicate.

In Talese's detailed account of Bill Bonanno and his powerful father, it is odd that there is so little about how they wheel. Talese tells about the history of the Mafia in Sicily and the United States. In a garrulous way, he explains what they feel, how they hoard quarters to use in specific public telephones at specific moments, how they fight for territory. What is surprising is how few Mafia men are killed even in such celebrated Brooklyn street ambushes as the Profaci-Gallo War, the Castellammare War, and even the notorious Banana Split after Joe Bonanno reappeared in Manhattan on May 17, 1966, following his kidnapping in October, 1964. (Some believe he kidnapped himself, some that the Magaddino Family hauled him off, others that the Commission ordered the snatch because Bananas had let out a contract for the murder of Thomas "Three-Finger Brown" Lucchese and Carlo Gambino.)

A big handsome man, now in his late sixties, Joseph Bonanno has "soft brown eyes" and a certain sophistication, layered with the right ruthlessness. (Retired, he lives these days in Arizona.) Unlike his father, Bill is reputed to be a little stupid—three years at the University of Arizona—eccentric, and devoted to his own interests and those of his father. To tell their story Talese brings in, properly, Frank Costello, Albert Anastasia, Sam Giancana, Joseph Profaci, Joseph Colombo, Sr., and Vito Genovese, with a dozen or so more.

What Talese makes clear is that the mob's men look like professional men on commuter trains; that they have a certain formality towards a boss's family; that they drive their cars carefully; that they keep to the rule of telling their wives, mothers, sisters, and children nothing about their work; that they disappear for days, and

sometimes forever; and that the Families intermarry like laboratory white mice. In time, Bill married convent-educated Rosalie Profaci, niece of Joseph Profaci, a millionaire importer of tomato paste and olive oil and the boss of an important Family. To explain the Family intricacies, the mob feuds, and changing alliances leads to the same difficulties as unraveling the War of the Spanish Succession.

What took up Bill's time was endless waiting or driving across this country. His father had interests in legitimate businesses—among them, a cheese factory in Wisconsin, real estate in Arizona. To Rosalie, her father-in-law, whom she called Mr. B., seemed "open, proud of what he was," except that she "did not know exactly what he was."

A riveting episode in which Talese shows his skill in mousing out facts comes towards the end of his book: the Manhattan trial of Bill Bonanno and Peter Notaro in Federal Court with Judge Walter R. Mansfield on the bench. The trial began in November, 1969, the accused charged with "three separate crimes—conspiracy, mail fraud, and perjury." Bill's defense was that a friend, Hank Perrone, gave him a credit card belonging to Don A. Torrillo and that Bill had used it for airplane tickets, motels, and restaurants in the belief that Torrillo gave the card to Perrone who had passed it on to Bill, suffering at the time from the "shorts." There was some question in court about extortion but that had been dropped as Perrone had been murdered outside his warehouse in March, 1968. Perrone had told Bill of various vague but friendly deals with Torrillo, including putting Torrillo's name on the mortgage for Bill's house on Long Island as the bank did not care for the Bonanno name.

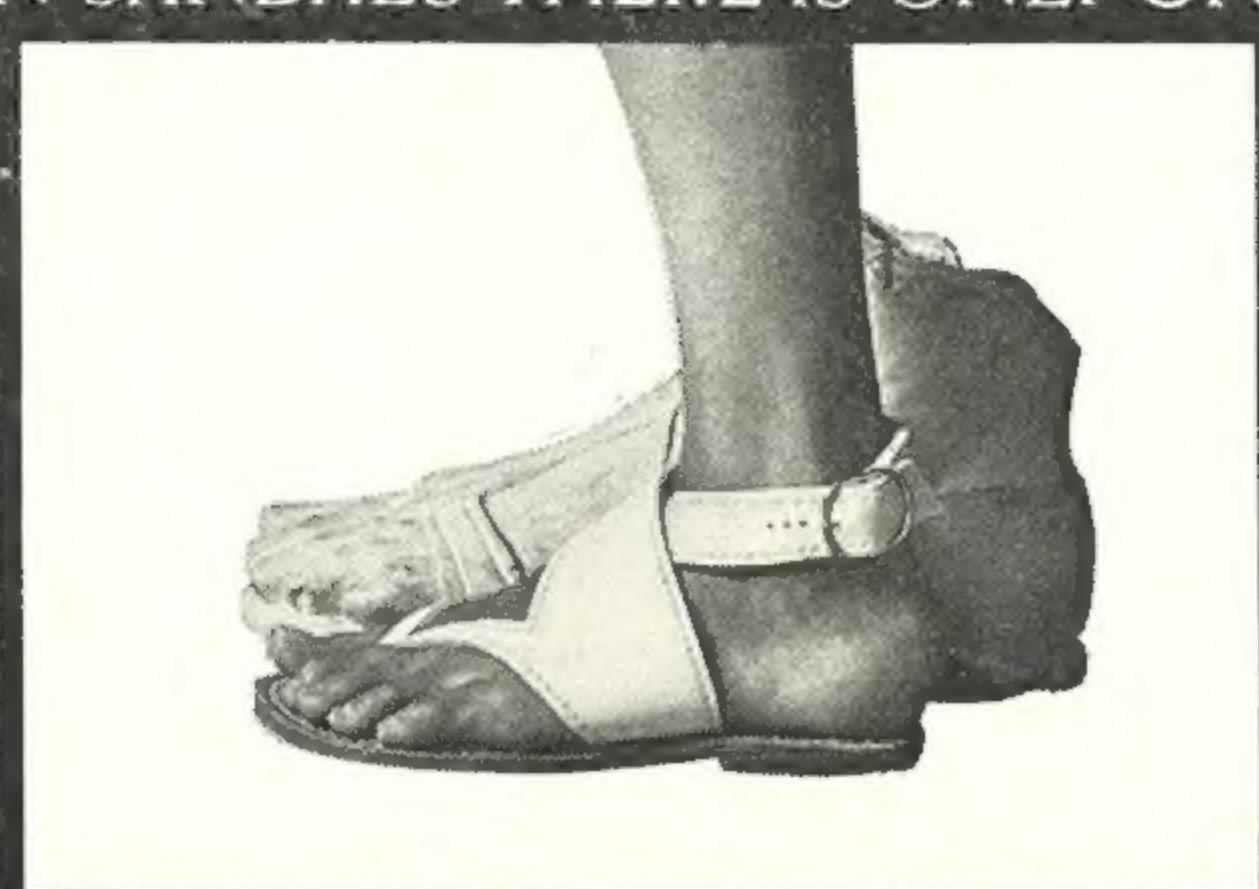
When Torrillo testified, he admitted that he had committed perjury before the same grand jury that indicted Bill and Peter Notaro. A defense lawyer asked Torrillo to explain the capital initials following his name on his business card. "Sheepishly," Torrillo said that the BSEE stood for Bachelor of Science, Electrical Engineering; that MSEE stood for Master of Science, Electrical Engineering; and that Ph.D. meant Doctorate, "it's an educational term, doctor of whatever it may be."

The trial jury convicted both men of conspiracy and mail fraud, let Notaro off on the perjury count but not Bonanno. While they were out on bail, the prosecutor, Walter Phillips, pressed by the defense lawyers, told Judge Mansfield that when Torrillo testified at the trial, he was under indictment, awaiting trial in the Southern District of New York for some bucket-shop chicanery in market securities. Mr. Phillips had known all along about that indictment. He did not say that a deal had been made. Not curious at all.

**A**fter the verdict and the sentences, Bill Bonanno, according to Talese, thought that in his photographs he looked better in New York's *Daily News* than in the *Times* and that he had a finer play in the *News* with its five-column headline. On March 9, 1970, Bonanno received a four-year sentence and a \$10,000 fine; Notaro, one year and a \$1,000 fine. Some months later, Notaro went to prison in Texas, Bonanno to one in California. His perjury ignored, Torrillo pleaded guilty to the ninety-nine-count indictment for securities fraud. He happily accepted a suspended sentence and went out free. *Honor Thy Father* cuts down Mafia mythology and ends, for this reader, with "respect" as a journalist for Gay Talese. ▼



IN SHOES YOU THINK OF A DOZEN GREAT NAMES,  
IN SANDALS THERE IS ONLY ONE



BERNARDO

VOGUE'S  
NOTEBOOK

**FLAPPER  
FLING**

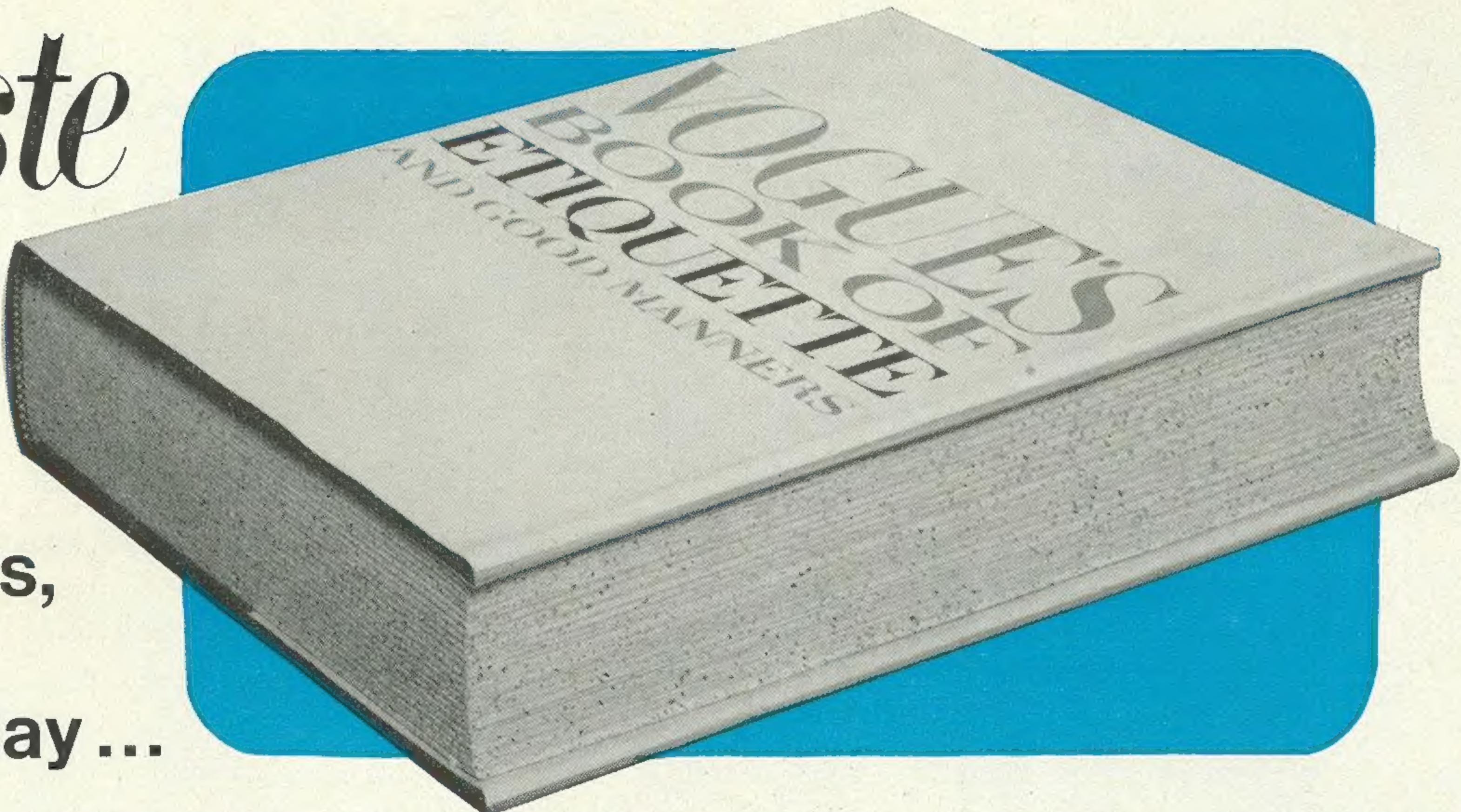
In New York, the Nine O'Clocks club winter dance always has a theme . . . this year: "Paris in the 1920s" . . . and it's fascinating to see what this urge to dress up brings out in people. Some get it and make it work to their advantage—a great beauty may become even more beautiful; a friend exhibits some rare facet of personality always hidden there, unsuspected. . . .

1. Josephine Kemp in black-and-white silk print by Ossie Clark. . . . 2. Andrea Portago and Raymundo de Larrain might have stepped out of Rudolph Valentino's *Four Horsemen* in gleaming black-and-white costumes rented for the evening from Mme. Berthe. . . . 3. Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas, junior, in violet velvet, cyclamen satin sash, and ropes of pearls. . . . 4. Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale in silver bugle beads, a touch of candy pink. . . . 5. Joshua Logan impersonating a Paris taxi driver. . . . 6. To many a memory, Bricktop was the twenties. She sang in a cabaret at the party in her Art Déco-pattern gold brocade. . . . 7. The one and only Gloria Swanson, wearing diamond bracelets, circa 1929, from Cartier. . . . 8. Mrs. Paul Manno dripping silver fringe. . . . 9. Mrs. Thomas Kempner in a present-day Saint Laurent black sequin dress flashed with coral and gold, her sensational legs in sheer-black stockings. . . . 10. Earl Blackwell saw himself as Lucky Lindy. . . . 11. Mrs. Michael Stone bought her costume at Bergdorf Goodman the day before—pretty brown chiffon by Harold Levine, and a black satin cloche. . . .



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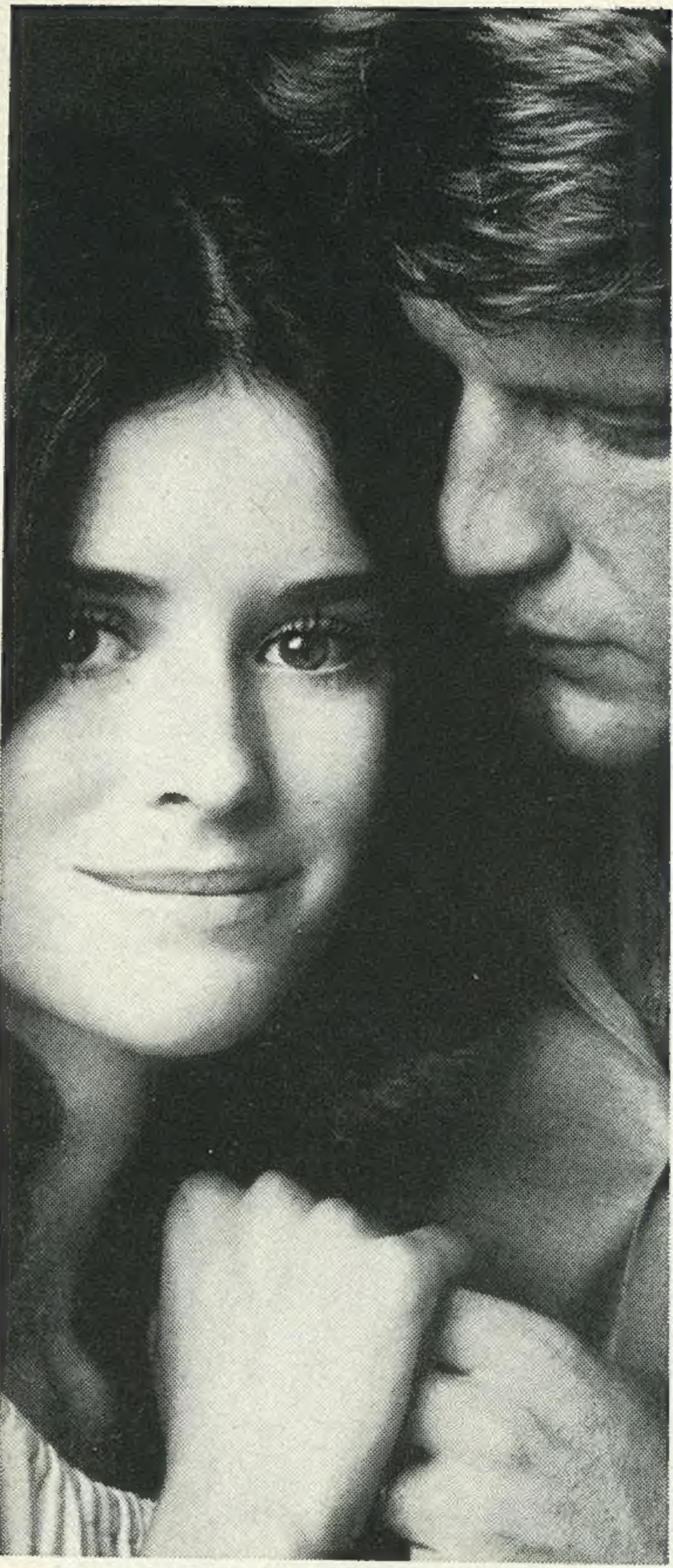
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## JUDO... My Welcome On The Mat—one woman's report

**S**lap . . . thump . . . SLAP" were the frightening sounds I heard as I approached, for the first time, the door of the Judo classroom. I was there to learn what went on inside that door, and what's causing all the current interest in Judo-esque activities. For interest has surely developed—and is growing by leaps, bounds, tosses, and throws. However it started—perhaps as a merger of other big trends toward physical fitness and matters Oriental—people are finding that Judo is exercise with special fascinations: it has its own philosophical mystique, and it stresses the element of nonviolent self-protection. Doesn't require great size or strength, so Judo is especially appealing to women who, in the last year, are outnumbering men in class attendance. They start with the idea of self-defense, continue for the fun of it—also for the co-ordination, muscle-tone, and trimming down and redistribution of weight that occurs. **In my class at Jerome Mackey's Judo, Inc.**, one of New York's now-bustling gymnasiums, or *dojos*, there were nearly thirty pupils, about half of them women, many of whom seemed every bit as competent as the men and could be equally formidable, I thought, as chance encounters in a dark alley. I learned that classes also included children, the elderly, the pint-sized (men, women), the deaf, the blind, as well as businessmen, housewives, movie stars—all, I was assured, were progressing nicely.

**T**ightening my belt (white, for beginners), and smoothing my stiff white *judo-gi*—the snappy Judo turnout that consists of a little wrap-coat and drawstring pants, worn over bare feet—I joined the class. The room is large, airy, covered mostly by a mat that provides some, but not a lot of, cushioning. Judo classes start and end with exercises, and warm-ups are eventually done with partners, bracing against each other for bends and kicks. Part of Judo is a feeling of brotherhood, and this idea explains itself when working with a partner—supporting his spine or trusting him to support yours brings on fast camaraderie. An important part of the lesson is the practice of breakfalls, known as *ukemi*. These turned out to be the cause of all the slaps and thumps, and the idea is to fall without getting hurt. (Falls are inevitable since Judo courtesy demands that you and your partner hit the mat with fairly equal regularity.) To fall correctly you must—at just the right moment—lessen the impact with a strong slap of the hand and arm on the mat, which acts as a shock absorber for the rest of the body. You also learn to roll with the punch; if the body rolls when it hits, there's less damage to any one part of it. After a try at breakfalls, I was introduced to the special stances, measured and graceful, that lead to falls and throws—I actually did throw a man which, though I knew he made it easy for me, gave me a sense of Lib-type satisfaction.

**A**t the YWCA in New York, Judo classes average a thousand women a month. These classes follow the method of Ruth Horan—an attractive ex-singer, and the first non-Japanese woman to earn a fourth-degree Black Belt. Now the National Vice-President of the Judo Committee of the USA, she has written a book, *Judo for Women*, that could serve as an excellent manual for home practice, used along with professional instruction. Here, too, classes offer generous helpings of exercise, Judo courtesy, tips on how to escape from hostile grips or strangleholds, along with the usual throws, slaps, falls. Stressed at Judo classes everywhere: the more you know of Judo, the less you're apt to need it. Apparently, with enough lessons under your belt (be it white, green, brown, or black), you develop a relaxed confidence that somehow helps in avoiding trouble. . . . *Check your local Y for its own schedule of Judo classes.*

# Why don't you become a well-paid Interior Decorator?



BY JANICE TRIMBLE

I don't think there are many fields today that offer more pleasure or greater rewards to a woman than that of interior decorating.

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The work of a decorator is varied and interesting. It frequently takes you and your clients into smart showrooms and shops filled with treasures. You move in a world of fashion, creativity and ever-new challenge.

Designing and furnishing even a single room may earn a decorator a fine commission; larger

assignments, of course, earn them much more. Many women do well just in part-time work; their own homes sometimes serve as showcases for prospective clients.

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09G

# The year of the



## Born Blonde. Not just a little blonder.

It used to be, there were two kinds of blondes around. There were the blondish blondes, neither here nor there, who looked like they were just getting their toes wet. And there were the **BLONDE** blondes, whose hair screamed peroxide (and looked like something that never grew on any human head).

Today there's another kind of blonde, with hair that's

really blonde and hair that's really hair.

What changed the blonding picture is Clairol's Born Blonde.®

It's not one of those timid, wishy-washy blonde things that leave your hair a little blonder (and maybe a little redder, for heaven's sake). And it's not one of those tough-as-brass blonde numbers that shatter your hair with a

# real blonde.



## And not just a lot of bleach.

double dose of peroxide.

Born Blonde is something else.

What it is is real one-two blonding, with a lightener to lift the darkness out and a toner to put the blondeness in. But it's blondeness with a difference, because Born Blonde toner is the only toner we know of that doesn't have any peroxide. It's just sheer shimmering color and creamy con-

ditioners. So you can use Born Blonde toner whenever you think the color needs a little pick-me-up.

With Born Blonde, your hair may turn out more silky, more lustrous, more glossy than it was when you started.

And you will be a real blonde.

Now when you think about it, is there any other kind of blonde to be?



# Ready Beauty

## Chic to cheek

Now that rouge is fashionable again (which is why so many women are looking glossier and glowier and much, much younger), cheek color keeps coming on in ever newsier and more pleasing formats. Take Revlon's—and you will—Young Blush Shiny Color Cheek Stick, a fresh, fat swivel of a crayon that goes on as swiftly as lipstick. The color, which is dark, deep, and dense in the stick, turns brilliant and silkily transparent as it touches your skin. Blend it with your fingertips—it couldn't be more amenable and leaves plenty of sparkle. This is no year to mouse around looking low-keyed. The Stick comes in four basic shades, one of which has got to be the Real You.

## Tips encouraged

The cultivation of beautiful, biff-resistant fingernails is not so much a matter of total indolence as the devoted use of a good, sensible fortifier. Living Nail, which needs only a few minutes once a week, is just such a deal—a pale pink liquid that brushes on the nail tips, penetrates, and helps to make them both harder and harder. There are neatly designed Golden Cuticle Shields to cover all but the tips, so application is a breeze.

## Measure for measure, or as you like it

The next perfume you wear may be one you made yourself—Paradisa, Forest Primeval, Sundance, Scentuous Serpent (are you quivering?)—in any strength from very-very to eau de cologne—or after-shave for some deserving man. You get the fixings and the whole battery of recipes from Apothecare, the amusing and practical new cosmetics concept that is going to beguile you, jazz up your house, and make you an ecological heroine. Amelia Bassin, one of the really imaginative people in the beauty business, created the whole wonderful works for Apothecare. The idea is that you can bring your own bottle or jug to fill with fancies you may never have heard of: fragrant, relaxful bath teas; herbal mixtures to use as facial packs or eye compresses; soaps that look like fruit salad or after-dinner sweets; concentrated extracts—Summergreen, Sylvan Grove, Spice Box are just a few—to scent the world around you: for instance, porous stones or the cork wall of your kitchen. Everything is made of natural herbs and roots, petals and oils, there is no packaging to pay for, and even the Reynolds aluminum pans that hold the potpourris can be recycled. However, should you feel expansive, or like making a gift, you can buy all sorts of pretty containers. There are woven silvery baskets for herbs, glass apothecary jars for soaps, and miniature oil cans to hold perfume essences. At the moment, Apothecare can be found only at Altman's in New York and Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, but it will soon be spreading around the country. Meanwhile, address mail orders to: Apothecare, Inc., 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019.

(More Ready Beauty page 17)

The **Serbin**  
designed by Muriel Ryan

Travelers on the opposite page, are also available at the following stores:



Alexander City, Ala

Eufaula Ala	Frohsin's Dept Store	Roberts Shop	Gertrude Singer
Livingston, Ala	The Dress Shop	L. Hammel	Steiger's
Mobile, Ala	Goldwaters	The Lilac Tree	Denholm & McCay
Phoenix, Ariz		Vicki Wayne	Grace Howe
Scottsdale, Ariz		Dorothy O Brown	Fishers
Tucson, Ariz.		Brock's	St Joseph, Mich.
Texarkana, Ark.		The Mercantile	Ollie's
Bakersfield, Calif.	Gottschalk's	Gottschalk's	Minneapolis, Minn.
Escondido, Calif.	Webb's	Red Hen Fashions	Jackson Graves
Fresno, Calif.		Capwell's	Wayzata, Minn.
Glendale, Calif.		Drapers	Whitley's
Napa, Calif.		Hafter's Heilbron	Gulfport, Miss.
Oakland, Calif.		Edith Guthridge	Hewes Bros
Pasadena, Calif.		Damons Ltd	Jackson, Miss.
San Diego, Calif		Sarrai's	Laurel, Miss.
San Leandro, Calif		Lou Rose	Natchez, Miss.
San Marino, Calif		H. C. Henshey	Tupelo, Miss.
San Rafael, Calif		Eddie Lewis Shop	Vicksburg, Miss.
Santa Barbara, Calif.		London Ontario, Canada	Woodville, Miss.
Santa Monica, Calif.			Charleston, Mo.
Sherman Oaks, Calif.			Buckner-Ragsdale Merc
London Ontario, Canada			Clinton, Mo.
			Kansas City, Mo.
			Springfield, Mo.
			Trenton, Mo.
			Kalispell, Mont.
			Missoula, Mont.
			Lincoln, Nebr.
			Omaha, Nebr.
			Las Vegas, Nev.
			Jack Sloate Women's Apparel
			Albuquerque, New Mexico
			Arden's
			Sante Fe, New Mexico
			The Guarantee
			Fairlawn, N.J.
			Rose Katz
			Newark, N.J.
			Hahne & Co
			Ridgewood, N.J.
			Normandie Shop
			Trenton, N.J.
			Elsie Gallavan
			Buffalo, N.Y.
			L. L. Berger
			Corning, N.Y.
			Goodman's
			Elmira, N.Y.
			S. F. Iszard
			Endicott, N.Y.
			Modern Dress Shop
			Glen Falls, N.Y.
			Doyles
			Lockport, N.Y.
			Flora Hatch
			Rochester, N.Y.
			McCurdy's
			Schenectady, N.Y.
			Imperial
			Syracuse, N.Y.
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			French's
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			Blaine's
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			Leslies
			Erie, Pa.
			Marquerite Flood Shop
			Holidayburg, Pa.
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			Mary Lowe
			Greenville, S.C.
			Amy Pride
			Sioux Falls, S.D.
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			Chattanooga, Tenn.
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			Knoxville, Tenn.
			The Knox
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			Lowenstein's
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			R & S Shop
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			Ralph's
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			M. Riskind Inc
			Young Fashions
			Joske's
			Riff's
			Ladies Supply Co
			Mildred's
			Z C M I
			The Fifth Avenue Shop
			Globe Dept Store
			Miller & Rhoades
			Horne's
			Binn's
			Martinson's
			Frederick & Nelson
			Lou Johnson
			Mademoiselle Shop
			Melet's
			Finns
			The Marie Leist Shop
			W. A. Close
			Clara Stone
			Arthur Norgaard's
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			Kassis Dept
			Fowlers



designed by Muriel Ryan

# TRAVELER

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# vogue TRAVELS

## ACAPULCO SPECTACULAR:

new sunburst of pleasures

**Widespread luxury  
at a sea-and-sky hotel in Mexico**

By Despina Messinesi

The handsome, massive, brand-new Acapulco Princess Hotel & Club de Golf has everything going for it beginning with the delicious climate—guaranteed January sunshine.

The Princess beats even the fantasy of Marie Antoinette's Petit Hameau. The hotel, looking like an enormous Aztec pyramid on the Pacific, is a playground for the imagination. At the entrance, a roaring fountain gushes over big boulders—whopping fakes. For a lobby, a sixteen-story-high atrium with a translucent roof and five-story-tall palm trees where banks of yellow zinnias separate lagoons from a marble floor, bridges lead to a thatched-roof bar moated in water.

Off of this mammoth courtyard, sixteen floors of corridors swagged with flowers open into oversized, air-conditioned, balconied rooms facing the golf greens and the purple hills or the white-striped green Pacific.

In the guest rooms—double beds with colored sheets, thick handmade rugs, marble floors—handwoven curtains block out disturbing chinks of early morning light. Big closets; dressing rooms open into mosaic-tiled bathrooms. When guests lock their doors, they automatically turn on "Do not disturb" signs.

When golfers arrive, a truck whisks their golf equipment to the club—a walk away—with its eighteen-hole course where some sand traps are flower beds.

Next to the hotel, and dwarfed by the Princess's powerful architecture, stands the air-conditioned tennis club with two indoor courts surfaced in a sensational synthetic grass. These and the three outdoor courts light up for night games.

Wide cushioned chaises edge the swimming pools—both salt and fresh water. Beneath a waterfall in the lagoon is a bar where swimmers, waist-deep in

water, stop for drinks. Across the bar, dry guests do the same, sitting in a cave-cool rock tunnel.

On the beach, Mexicans set up shop under umbrellas: shell-bead necklaces, *rebozos*, rugs, silver jewelry; some rent ponies for canters over wet sand.

Run like an ocean liner at sea, the Princess has a chemist's laboratory to test the drinking water, cultures taken on the hour. In the acre of basement are the laundry, dry-cleaning plant, kitchens, a medical department, saunas, and massage rooms. Massage at the Princess means two pairs of hands working at once, perfectly synchronized.

The hotel's restaurants and nightclubs counter its overwhelming scale. Under palms beneath a thatched roof, the Cocoloco puts on a Carmen Mirandaish revue. The Amigo Bar—white walls, arches, calf-leather armchairs—with a spirited flamenco *tablao* comes off like a transplant from Spain. Lunchers at the open-air Chula Vista watch grooms with butterfly nets snaring fallen flower petals in the lagoon. Note: All over the hotel and gardens, armies of grooms hand-pick-up windblown petals.

For quick meals, day or night, Café Poquito has a breezy terrace with tables under umbrellas. La Princesa, a circular restaurant with guitar music, fans out into several round rooms with domed red-brick ceilings. For quiet dining, the small El Gourmet: velvet armchairs, crystal lights. Note: At all these restaurants there are exceptional Mexican dishes, steaks, delicious pastries.

For each person sharing a double room, with breakfast and dinner, about \$34 a day now until April 14; the same, from April 15 to December 26, about \$25. Write Princess Hotels International, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10019. Telephone: (212) 489-1870. ▼

# Ready beauty

## There is nothing like a Dane

The thought occurs that perhaps the silky, porcelain-pored complexion of Danish Women isn't entirely a matter of pure air and frolics in the snow. One helping of Anita of Denmark's sumptuous face creams and it becomes quite clear that those glorious skins have had quite a lot of freshening and coddling via the lab. There are four treatments, all in tubes: Creamfoam Cleansing Cream is gentleness itself, a buttery wealth that pat-pats into lotion as you add water, then washes off; Dewi Moisture Cream to velvet-surface your skin; lush Night Cream; and breezy, buoyant Facial Maske. The clincher is a Makeup Cream that smooths on, leaves your face like a baby's skin—radiant, rested, evenly tinted, seemingly flawless. The complexion shades are heaven and there are lots of them.

## Diplomatic pouch

Things being what they are, it is not always plausible to have two of everything, but if you're going to have two of *anything*, it could very well be the new Home and Away Beauty Portables kit from Estée Lauder—one for home and one, of course, packed and at the ready for away. What more devotion could any skin require than: snowy, efficient Whipped Cleansing Creme; Dry, Dry Skin Astringent; Wake-up Mask to keep your outlook rosy; Enriched Under-Makeup Creme which doubles as a bedtime dew-gooder; and Body Satinée, skin-softener supreme—all tubed, bottled, and jarred in featherweight plastic, and nestling in their plastic-lined denim travel pouch.

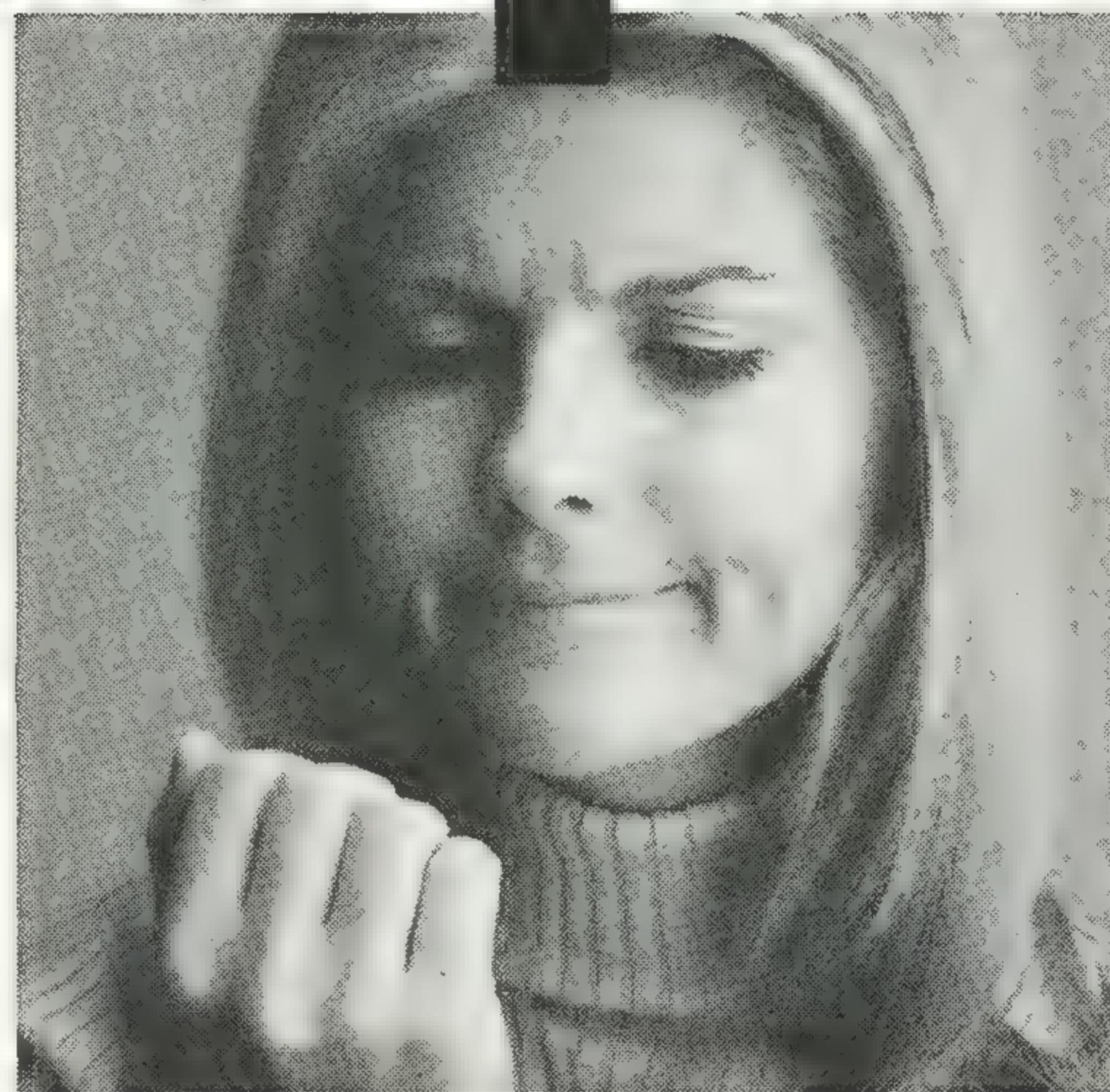
## The go-between

One of the surest ways to keep on radiantly good terms with your complexion is to make certain that between it and your makeup, there is a moisture cream—for protection, for suppleness, and for glow. The French have sent over something really superb in that line—Orlane's Bio Lacta, a thick milkshake of a treatment that rests on the face and throat (beautiful women never forget their throats) for a moment, then disappears, leaving only exquisite sleekness and a kind of under-makeup bloom (beautiful women never forget that silky skin is a primary allure).

## Mist-management

Somewhere between the setting of one's hair and the brush-out, the best-laid plans have been known to go astray, and the longed-for line and sheen lost in the blur of dryness. If that's your worry, here's some cheering news. Dep has gone the nature-loving route with Balsam Mist Hair Conditioner. A spray-on for after shampoo to make combing and rolling smoother, for civilizing dry hair just before comb-out, and for sleeking up hair at any time, even the sort that crackles with static in cold weather. Balsam Mist is made with protein and organic conditioners, and it couldn't be kinder to any hair.

# Finger-nails need help?



## Unique conditioner helps stop splitting... chipping...breaking

Proven effective by thousands of users

Problem nails that split, chip and break respond to RRP™, the brush-on natural protein conditioner for nails. It goes right to work to strengthen and correct fingernails which need help.

There is nothing like RRP—no nail preparation, no nail hardener. RRP is an exclusive and patented formula (covered by U.S. Patent 3,257,280) . . . proof of its uniqueness.

But more important is the proof from thousands of users of RRP, many of whom write to tell of the remarkable recovery their nails have shown, often following years of growth problems.

Typical of the letters

received by RRP is one from Mrs. Raye Knoff of Albuquerque, New Mexico, who writes:

"I had tried several products, including gelatin, with no success. My nails would split at the ends and peel off in layers. I have been using RRP Nail Conditioner faithfully morning and evening for five months. My fingernails are long, hard and beautiful. It's not often that we find a product we are as happy with as this one. Several of my friends are also having very good results with RRP".

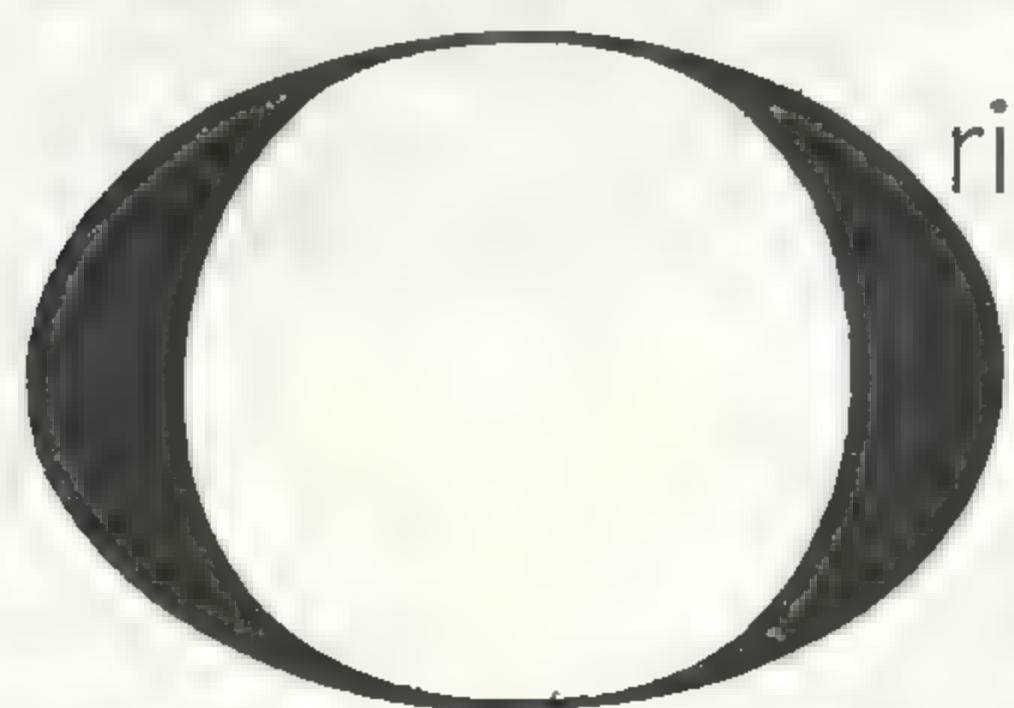
Try RRP Nail Conditioner—the largest selling protein nail preparation in America. You'll soon discover why it's Number 1.



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## CHINOISERIE TAKES A TRIP

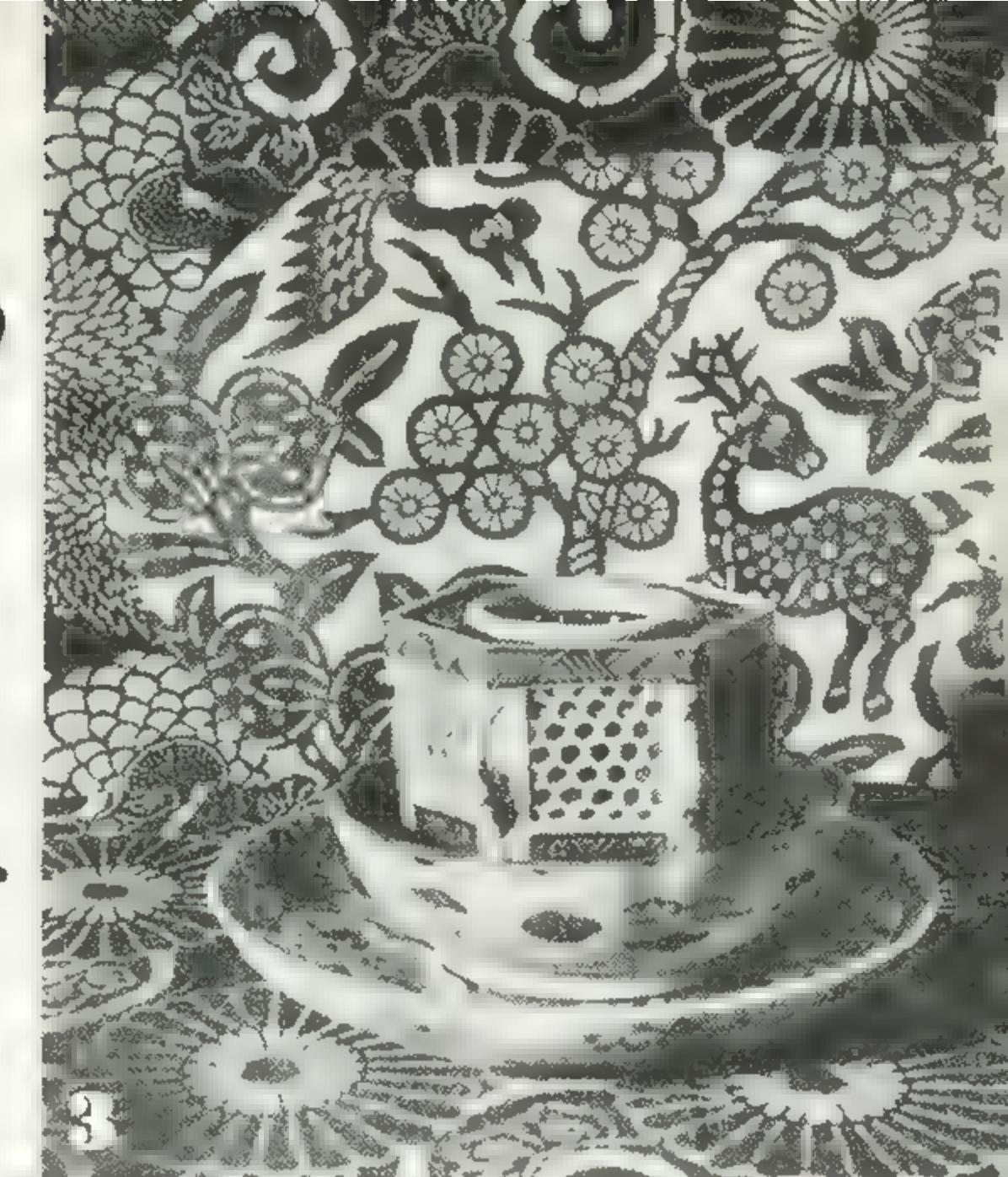


oriental designs re-thought, sweep the West. Old ideas used in new ways are the trend.

**Blue-and-white fabrics...porcelain...straws.**

**Pale silvered silks...puff-quilted seersucker.**

**Superb new seating...with a whiff of Ming.**



**1. From Japan:** Inspiration for smashing blue-and-white cotton prints. Chanoyu, based on tea-ceremony objects, \$15 yd. Macao, a toile of birds, animals, pagodas, \$12.75 yd. Both, 50" wide. Clarence House, 40 E. 57th St., N. Y. Round hamper, \$10 to \$60, The Gazebo, 14 E. 57th St., N. Y. Red wicker tea basket, \$250; Imari teapot \$80; cup, \$10. Lord & Taylor, N. Y.

**2. From the U.S.:** A marvelous suspension seating system designed by young New Yorkers Andrew Morrison and Bruce Hannah, above. Charcoal or white aluminum frames support stretch fabric over foam. Chair, \$199; settee, \$315; sofa, \$399. All, the Knoll shop at Georg Jensen, 601 Madison Ave., N. Y. They are part of the Louvre Museum's current exhibition of contemporary furniture, all by Knoll, in Paris.

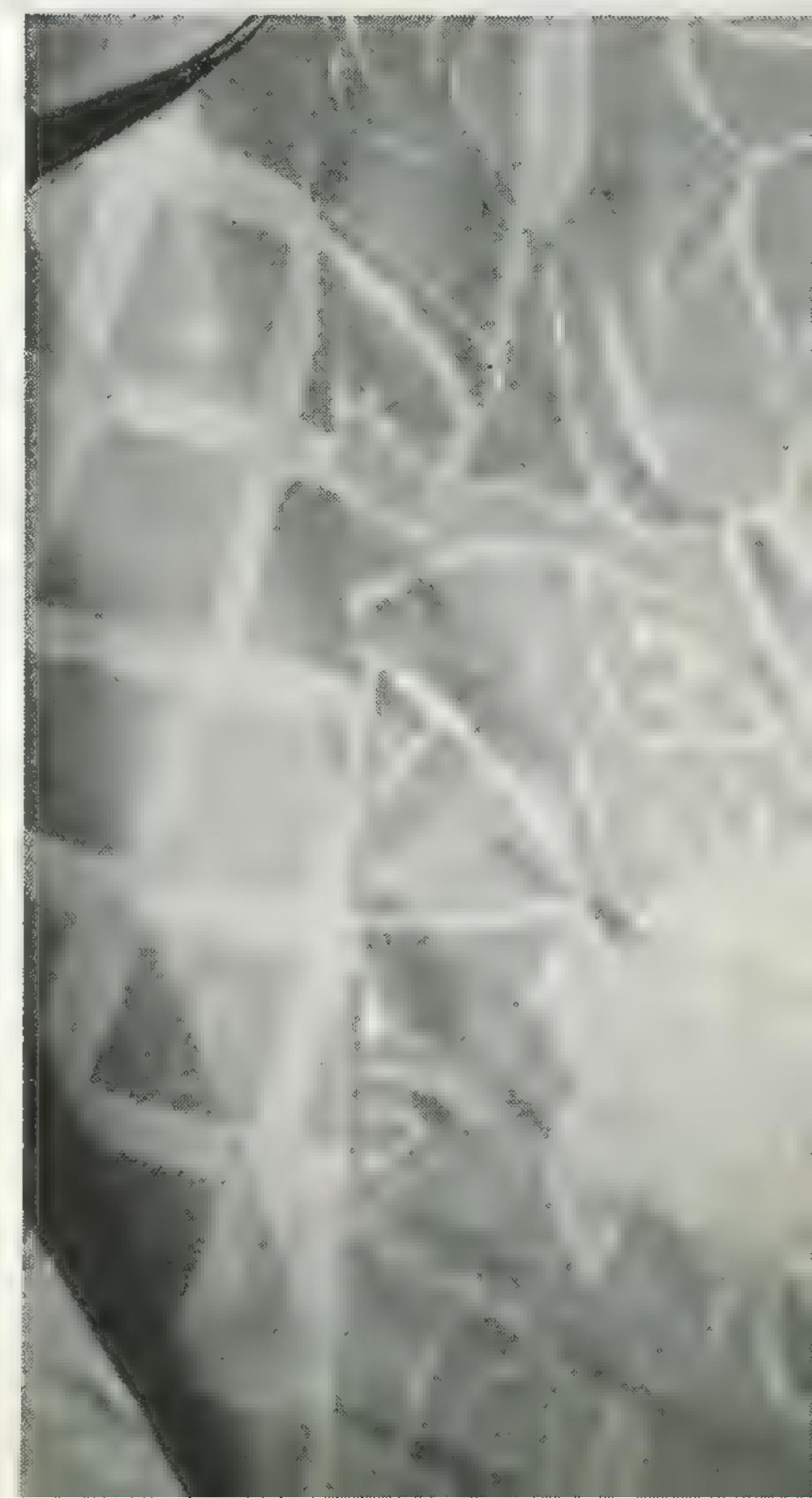
**3. From Japanese obis:** Intricate designs on indigo-and-white cotton replace geometrics in the news. Top, bottom: Serenity. Center: Happiness. Both, 54" wide, Brunschwig et Fils\*, 979 Third Ave., N. Y. Blue-and-white brush pot, \$25; bowl, \$15; plate, \$17.50. Lord & Taylor, N. Y.

**4. From The People's Republic of China:** Everyday objects of great beauty. Woven fish basket, \$25; round sieve, \$4; brush, \$6; whisk, \$1.50; round woven mat, \$8; boxed teas, \$5.75: All, Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

**5. From the Mountain Artisans:** High-fashion pastel seersuckers patchworked into a puff-quilted, feather-light coverlet. Twin, \$310. Puff pillow, \$40. Flat pillows, \$20 to \$28. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

**6. From South Korea:** Warp-printed silks introduce silvered pale colors. Leslie Tillet designs for Korean weavers. Left, Harlequin. Right, Aquarium. Both, 50" wide. Brunschwig et Fils\*, 979 Third Ave., N. Y.

\*Through decorators





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# HOROSCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



**JEANNE MOREAU** was born January 23, 1928, while the Sun transited Aquarius—sign of originality, insight, and illumination. In this French actress's chart, Mercury and the Moon join the Sun to stimulate the will to reason. The sun (power) with the Moon indicates the desire to excite the public. The Aquarian eccentricities shown by the pairing of her ruler Uranus with Jupiter (the showman) in Aries gives her mastery in character portrayals. Saturn with Venus in Sagittarius (the idealist) gives an unrelenting attitude in romance—her standards are rigid. Love will be foresworn unless it suits her. This unique personality must be accepted on her own terms.

**ARIES**, March 21–April 19. The dynamic force of your ruler, Mars, in your sign continues to pressure you through an enterprising phase, clearing the atmosphere and raising new hopes. Venus, just behind your birth sign, shows someone urging you on. This period has gathered momentum, and money and plan are working strongly in unison to bring the burst of activity to a splendid crescendo of success as the month ends.

**TAURUS**, April 20–May 20. Though you surround yourself in a tranquil atmosphere, at times you enjoy the limelight—giving expression to your vanity. Your ruler has changed signs, is now in Pisces; you are in pursuit of an emotional outlet. With Mercury in Capricorn, your friendship house, you will take orders from a friend who encourages you in constructive ventures. On the last day, a surprise works to your advantage.

**GEMINI**, May 21–June 21. A lighthearted, easy flow of life suits you best; when heavier responsibilities must be dealt with, you feel harassed. Saturn has left your sign for a brief spell, freeing you from its demands. Mercury, your ruler, in Capricorn returns you to tasks and ideas that you enjoy. After a period of pleasant success, you are now happy to return to a duty and a person that you prefer.

**CANCER**, June 22–July 22. The Moon, your ruler, gives you a special magnetism, appealing and childlike, that is constant throughout your life. This period starts with the new moon in your seventh house of marriage or partners. You will be sought out, with others initiating interest toward you. Saturn in your friendship house will bring those from the past back to you; renew and complete some unfinished business.

**LEO**, July 23–August 23. Your speculative attitude gives strength to your sense of authority when dealing with creative ideas. A week after the new moon, you will join with a new group, who are in agreement with your projects. These people will enhance your work's potential with new material that may change your goals, bringing you new offers that could inspire you and may well change your life.

**VIRGO**, August 24–September 22. Though you are known for your cleverness, there is always the chance of failing the self through nerves. With Mercury, your ruler, in Capricorn—it changes signs at the new moon—you will feel more composed and organized. This period suits the promotion of social life and prestige. As the month ends, a remarkable reward comes from some past activity that you had thought—till now—a loss.

**LIBRA**, September 23–October 23. Emotionally you can be ruled by attachments and friendships, especially while Uranus (ruler of friends) is in your sign for some time to come. You do not hold up well under pressure; a tense scene can exhaust you. Jupiter in your third house of environment or community, Sagittarius, makes this time suitable for you to seek new atmospheres, to renew and restore your strength.

**SCORPIO**, October 24–November 22. Your intuitive awareness signals you when conditions are changing, but timing is important. Your ruler, Pluto, in Air Libra now might induce you to enter business partnerships too soon, unprepared. With Saturn back in your seventh house of partners, it would be best to stay with the known. If your attitude is casual, you will not be feared or resisted. Jupiter protects you in your money house.

**SAGITTARIUS**, November 23–December 22. Your continuous search for illumination leads you to spend your energy in creating conditions where knowledge will thrive. Sagittarians are said to be "lucky"; it is rather that they feel that way. Jupiter in your sign revives old hopes and rewards past labors. Spend this period researching all opportunities, selling creative ideas, pressing every advantage. This is a time to reap.

**CAPRICORN**, December 23–January 20. Saturn, your ruler, has returned to the determined sign of Taurus; prepare now to make self-history, an ever-present goal for you. Your efforts should go steadily forward, as soon as lucky Jupiter expands your life-style when it enters Capricorn. Capricornians are sensitive to timing; they arrange important events in their lives, not spontaneously but with well-thought-out plans.

**AQUARIUS**, January 21–February 19. It is native to you to act in sudden unplanned spurts; now, your ruler, Uranus, in peaceful Libra provides a calming influence. Your prestige has undergone a complete renovation; and you will attract a new group of friends, which—strangely—will please you. Since Jupiter entered Fire Sagittarius, you have been excited into combining your talents with those of other inventive minds.

**PISCES**, February 20–March 20. Your dual nature has gained strength through revelation as your ruler, Neptune, has entered Fire Sagittarius. Fire extroverts, frees one; it has spelled out hidden motives. You will wish to take part in group forms of friendship. Pluto, planet of mass movements, in active support of your ruler, Neptune, will speed up your expression of new ideas and single-minded accomplishment.

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*We care as much about the way you look, as you do.*

Someone's in the kitchen with Maxime:

## Lady **LUCINDA HARROD**

### English Romanticism

BY MAXIME MCKENDRY



CHRISTOPHER SYKES

Her love affair with the past transforms two worlds for The Lady Lucinda Harrod: As Lucinda Lambton, she is a professional photographer whose work centers on period architecture, old wallpapers, nostalgic portraits. As the wife of barrister Henry Harrod and mother of sons Barnaby, six, and Huckleberry, four, she lives in one of her architectural romances—an 1880's house in the first London garden suburb built for artists. A kind of domestic art historian, Lucie Harrod delights in surrounding her family with furniture, carpets—even potted plants and cooking utensils—that reflect her passion for details of nineteenth-century sweetness, Pre-Raphaelite *kitsch*. Victorian plates jostle with Art Nouveau cups on the dresser of her kitchen; outside, blouses with leg-of-mutton sleeves blow on the garden clothesline. Inside, I found the little boys talking with mouths full of bread and honey. They love their mother's ornamental architecture in the form of glorious birthday cakes—the latest a Wild West fort with attacking Indians. Lucie makes her own preserves, sauces, relishes, adapting recipes from books and from those handed down in the Lambton family. Here, some pets:

**In her conservatory (above) just off the front parlor, with Forsyte Saga stained-glass windows, Lucie Harrod, right, shows Maxime McKendry her herbal winter garden. Below right: Maxime and Lucie in the kitchen at the long wooden table often freighted with butter, eggs, brown sugar, honey, loaves of brown bread, and pots of rich cream.**

### Very rich chocolate cake

Lucie's own invention

**1/2 pound milk chocolate (Tobler)  
1/2 pound dark sweet chocolate (Maillard)  
4 tablespoons flour  
3/4 cup sweet butter, softened  
3 tablespoons sugar  
4 eggs, separated**

**Melt chocolate in double boiler, stir in flour, sugar, and butter. Beat egg yolks and stir into chocolate mixture; cool. Whip egg whites stiff and fold into batter. Pour into greased, paper-lined 8-inch-square cake tin and bake in 450° oven 15 minutes; cool in tin. Lucie frosts this cake with a rich chocolate-butter icing an inch thick; but the cake itself really needs no gilding—proceed at your figure's own risk.**

### Cinnamon ice cream

Adapted from English Cooking, Ancient and Modern, by Elizabeth David (Penguin Books)

**2 cups heavy cream  
2/3 cup sugar  
4 egg yolks  
1 cup milk  
1 tablespoon powdered cinnamon**

**Heat cream and sugar over barely simmering water in double boiler. Beat egg yolks with milk and cinnamon, and stir into cream. Cook gently, stirring, until thickened. Partially freeze in a shallow pan; rewhip, refreeze.**

### Rhubarb-mint jelly

Adapted from a recipe by Mrs. Foster, Sussex, England, in Farmhouse Fare, Countrywise Books

**Clean pink rhubarb stalks and cut in pieces; stew in water to cover until soft and pulpy; strain. For each pint of juice, add 1 pound sugar and a bundle of fresh, clean mint. Boil, stirring often, until the jelly thickens (test on a cold plate or drop from a spoon). Remove mint; pour jelly into small pots. (Use sterilized jars and lids, or store jelly in refrigerator.) Serve with lamb.**

### Pickled plums

Adapted from Summer Cooking by Elizabeth David (Penguin Books)

**Boil 5 pounds sugar and 3 cups wine vinegar together; add a cinnamon stick, 2 tablespoons whole cloves. After a few minutes' boiling, add 5 pounds rather unripe plums, skins pierced here and there. Boil up, skim, and remove plums to earthenware bowl. Boil syrup 3 or 4 minutes, pour over plums, set in cold place 24 hours. Next day: repeat process—pour off syrup, boil, add plums, boil, remove plums, boil syrup, pour over plums, chill 24 hours. Third day: plums may be put in sterilized jars and sealed. Let stand six weeks.**





*Paradise is the place to lose...  
or gain...or stay the same.*

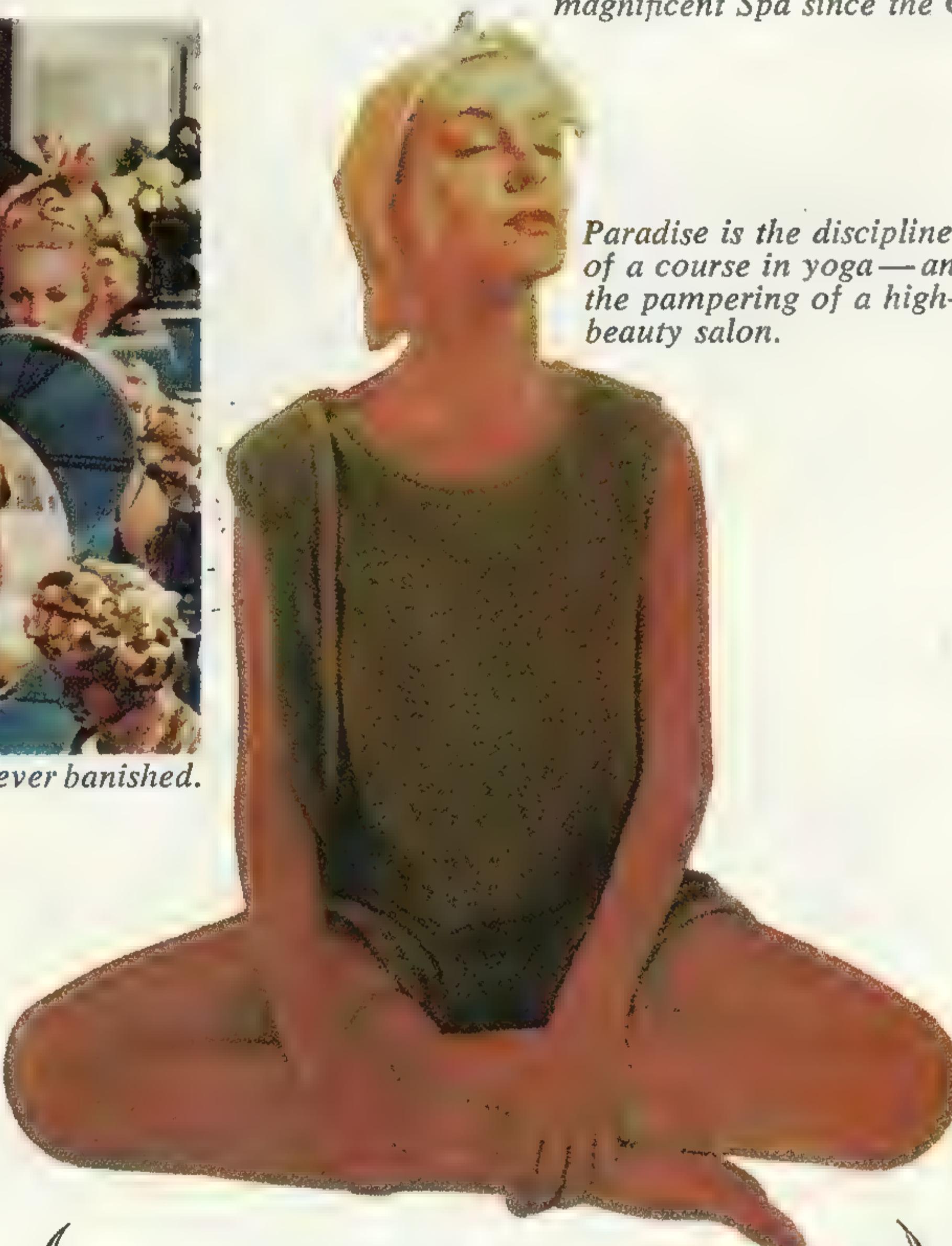
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*Paradise is the discipline  
of a course in yoga—and  
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and dancing and,  
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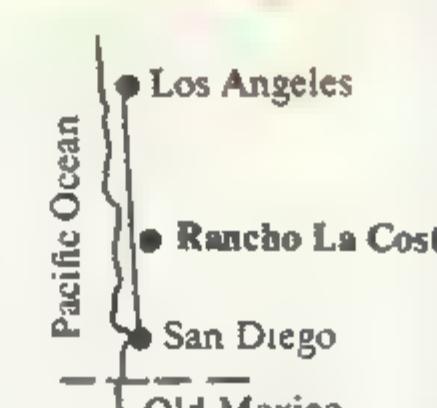
The temptations of Paradise are so many and so varied they're impossible to properly describe here. We have a colorful, unusual, 16-page booklet that does a much better job and we would be pleased to send you a copy. Just write: Department 32, Rancho La Costa, Calif. 92008.

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## VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

### THE BEST FROM ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS

One of the distinctive things about Mrs. Albert D. Lasker's annual party is the intense mixture of people from many *milieux*. . . . Mrs. Lasker's deep and widely varied personal interests are reflected in her guest list—the worlds of medicine, politics, art, and society join at the dinner dance held in her opalescent Beekman Place town house filled with the famous Lasker collection of paintings. . . . Above all, this is an evening for some of the most important men of our time to be free of pressures and to enjoy themselves. . . . Guests arrive for dinner at quarter-past eight, after-dinner guests come for dancing at half-past ten and, toward one in the morning, a buffet supper in the candlelit dining room.

1. Mrs. Albert D. Lasker, in mauve-pink-and-gold brocade, dancing with Mr. R. Sargent Shriver. . . . 2. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Smith. . . . 3. Senator Hubert H. Humphrey arrived straight from a speaking engagement, still in his navy business suit; chatting here with Mrs. Stephenson Mahoney. . . . 4. Mrs. Vincent Astor, in a lovely flutter of cloud-grey silk organza, with Mr. Peter Glenville. . . . 5. Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein II in lambent-colored Indian silk and Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy in gold-beaded coral chiffon. . . . 6. Mrs. William McCormick Blair, Jr., in pale apple-green chiffon, dancing with Mr. John Galliher in the ice-pink drawing room where an orchestra played throughout the evening. . . . 7. Mrs. Raymond Loewy and Mrs. Joseph A. Meehan with Mr. Truman Capote. . . . 8. Mr. and Mrs. Lane Adams, Dr. Howard Rusk. . . . 9. Dr. Henry B. Betts. . . . 10. Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Loewy.

LAWRENCE FRIED

# Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.

80 PROOF LIQUEUR. IMPORTED BY MCKESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © MCKESSON LIQUOR CO., 1971.



The gown was created for Liquore Galliano by Galitzine of Rome.  
Actress Greta Vayan was photographed along the Appian Way.





Smouldering, Sexy, and Totally Dangerous Swimwear created for you by Sirena in a luxurious nylon Lycra tricot maillot with soft, shirred halter top. Black/Gold; Lavender/Green; Lilac/Black; or Orange/Pink

*Sirena*

(as shown). Sizes 8-16. About \$28. At all fine stores nationally, or write: Sirena Inc., 110 East Ninth Street, Los Angeles, California 90015. © A CONSOLIDATED FOODS COMPANY RESPONSIVE TO CONSUMER NEEDS.

# Vogue's point of view: GUIDE

As we said in January 1, there's a new mood of dressing coming on for spring—an ease and a nonchalance to clothes you haven't seen before. With that in mind, we've gone into the fashion and beauty terrain with a *winnow*, taken the kinds of things we think you'd enjoy being in for day and evening, and psyched them out look by look... Right off, we can tell you this: psyching out is something they don't need much of—you're already tuned in. What fashion has been getting at since fall is where it is now. Only more so. Clothes have changed, not in type but in their polish and perfection. And in what you do with yourself in them—the cut of your hair, the green of a belt, the turn of a hat brim—twists, touches—not a bash of ornamentation. The idea now, in fact, isn't just how, where, and what to wear with what, it's also when to leave well enough alone. Consider that

Guideline No. 1...



## LINES

### The sweater suit

For the sweater-and-skirt woman who hasn't seen her way clear to a suit: The Way. Knitted tweed cardigan, gored skirt in pale turquoise, red, white, black; turquoise tucked shirt of Honan silk—more than perfection in a suit, it stands for all the lovely ease that's come into clothes. They put you at ease, you show your ease. You come through. What else comes through in the unrigid context of sweater-dressing: how shorter hair keeps the look up.

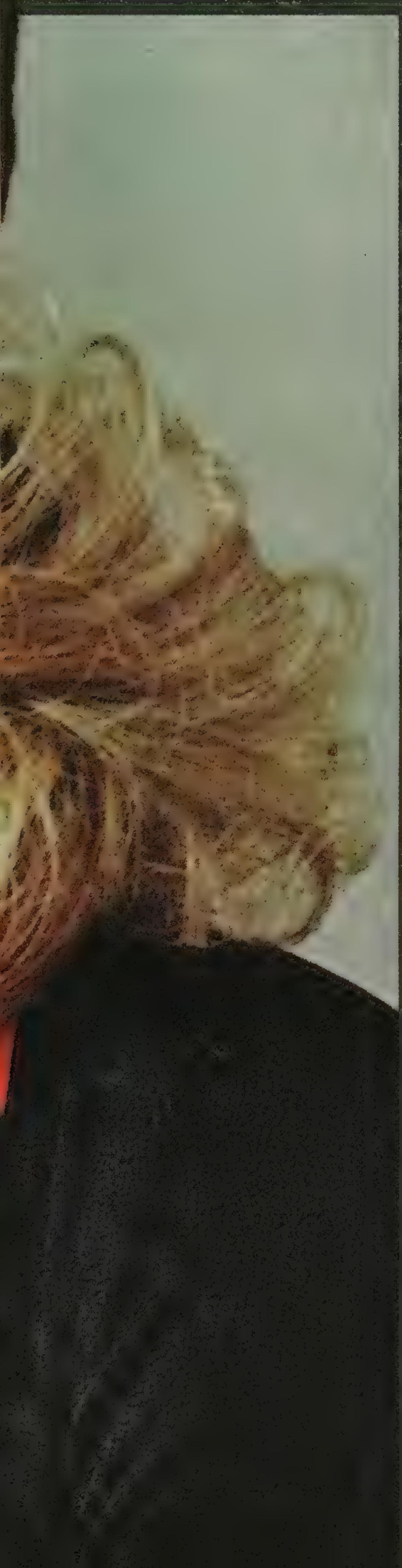
Miss Dior, cotton-and-acrylic suit (Tussah Fabrics), shirt (Auburn Fabrics). About \$200. Lord & Taylor, Nan Duskin, Harzfeld's. Hair, Maury Hopson. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.



the  
presence  
of the face  
for day

# FASHION GUIDELINES

## SPRING '72



Not just a pretty face, left: A symbol. Everything about it—in it, on it, around it—is a Guideline to fashion today. The big smile. The vitality. The presence of glow but not of shine—if you haven't used powder in years, do this year. A fine, even screen of it to soften the impression without clouding the issue. And rouge over powder; you get all the beauty of color minus the shine—a point about makeup in general now, day and night....The presence of color on this face, definite but un-dense, unmasky; the feeling of real skin—real girl—comes through. Yellow on the bone of the brow—going straight out—opening the eye, clearing the skin. Pinky, russety color everywhere else—on the eye—on the face. More brown than red to the mouth, and more distinct contour to it than we've seen for a long time (which speaks, does it not, of the return of a lip-liner among your makeup paraphernalia?)....The distinct presence of eyebrows, neither heavy nor razor-thin—sort of feathered—natural—they register expression....The thick, brushy, shorter hair (no shorter than it has to be to suit you, clear your collar; as curly as it wants to be)....and the presence on it of a small, charming, unfamiliar object called a hat....How all this affects the look of what you'll be wearing this spring can be measured at right—if you had any doubt as to what we meant a page back, when we said that what's changed about clothes is what you do with yourself in them: This is it.

PENN

### Sweater and skirt dress

Of all the sweater-dressing you're going to see (and you're going to see lots), this dress, with its long-pull black jersey top and pleated chevrons of red, yellow, black, is the smallest—the most on the body. Being in shape is what it takes. What it gives in return is a long, narrow torso, than which there is no line more sensational....Be sparing—a red leg, red wedge, a red lacquer cuff on each wrist, or ebony. But do not belt, do not hang things on it. Do not in any way mutilate the line of the torso.

By Traina Boutique, designed by Kay Unger. Top of Du Pont nylon (Duplan Knits fabric); rayon skirt. About \$95. Bloomingdale's; Gidding-Jenny; Gus Mayer; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. Kenneth wig. All coiffures, these 16 pages, by Maury Hopson. Accessories, next to last page.



FASHION GUIDELINES

# tailor's navy—the one-button suit



One reason you're going to want to be in a tailor's suit this spring: *This one, in navy wool crêpe. With its shorter one-button jacket, small shoulders, and swinging skirt, it is just so precise, so feminine—and over a sparkling white crêpe stock shirt, so fresh it sings....* Don't feel you must do things for navy. A good navy has tremendous color of its own; it takes nothing from the skin, just gives and gives. Here, you could use a red suède shoulderbag. Or navy suède with gold rings, and navy kid gloves. The most personal thing: your own gold chain under the stock, lapis cross dangling—seen only when the jacket's open, but delicious.

By Seymour Fox. Suit of wool crêpe loomed in America (Meyer Woolens fabric); shirt of Avisco acetate and rayon (Onondaga fabric). About \$395. At Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Wig, of Elura, by Fashion Tress.

# navy nonchalance— the pants suit

Anything you missed in the breeze of sweater-dressing: this will catch up. Crinkly wool crêpe—very, very light, lined in China silk. With nice widish pants. And the jacket—the thing that really makes this look take off—small, hanging loose, like a sweater with its cuffs turned back. There are lots of pants around, lots of ways to look in them—you can be in separates, you can be more or less tailored, but easier than this is just not possible.

...As we like it best is as we show it: over a satiny white shirt (a red pullover with a shirt underneath would be good, too. But don't reject the idea of navy with white because you've seen it before; they're beautiful together); rope-y-soled navy wedges; navy beret—always with a pants suit now; some little something on your head. Gives a certain dash, a line, a finish—it's the difference between today and yesterday.

Woolmark jacket and pants by Originala designed by Ilie Wacs, of wool crêpe. About \$365. At Martha; Nan Duskin; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Accessory details, both pages, see the next to last page of this issue.





# the suède coat—in any event

Why every life should have a suède coat in it—illustrated, in a trenchy way, left, by one in a wonderful, bright, dark-blue brushed pigskin piped in red. It goes everywhere, covers everything—it works for you. You can put it over pants and sweaters and skirts and shirts and little knitted dresses. You could put it on this minute, and you'd be warm and dashing, and later, when other coats are more than enough, this will be exactly enough—it's the perfect spring coat. Wear it in town, in the country; on planes, trains, space capsules (if you're a one-coat traveler: This is the one).

By Leslie Fulop for  
Beged-Or, about \$230;  
Bloomingdale's; Stix,  
Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin.

Unlined, unconstructed, heathery, fuzzy, fleecy; sweaterly, with yellow blanket-stitching—if you've never owned a coat like this: joy awaits. It is absolutely the coziest little thing you could fall into. Pull it around; tie it, let it hang open—either way, it's super, just easy and sort of duffle-y (and warmer than you might think; these unlined coats are like wrapping yourself in a thermal blanket)...City coat, country coat—wherever you happen to be. And the length for pants (being chopped, it has its limits, but for short-skirt types—a find!).

By 499 Division of Kloss-Pruzan, of wool and nylon (Meyer Woolens fabric). About \$105. At Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Edith Imre wig. Accessory details; both pages, see the next to last page of this issue.

## the sweater coat— chopped for pants



# the shoe with a lift— for day

For pants, for skirts—for anyone who thought only clunkiness could come of the wedge: a perfect black patent pump, lifted into 1972 by a wedge with a white crêpe sole. Everything a shoe can do for a foot, it does—elevates it, holds it in a small, pretty, very graceful way. And watch how much lighter and springier a woman's walk is—there's a whole different balance that goes with a lift.... What else is new are the geometric black legs—patterned but unheavy: that's the idea for spring.

Black patent leather wedges, about \$38, by Tony the Shoemaker for Bonwit Teller; also at Kaufmann's. Tights by Beautiful Bryans, of Rohm and Haas nylon; \$4. At Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.



# jeans for dinner

For the "everyday" evening—the small dinner-movie-restaurant sort of thing, you always have something but never something really divine and small enough: this is Something. Black matte jersey jeans and jacket, small in the sense of fit and occasion, and sensational in both senses....Here is where you can be marvelous with accessories. Use color, it's like a shot in the arm: for black. And a clean, bright green is the best shot of all...green at your ears...green suède slung low on your waist...green at your feet. Fill in the empty space yourself (there's plenty of bareness for evening, but not quite this way): a little black skivvy would be super-sharp. Or a large green print scarf, looped cowboy style—and button up.



By Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear; polyester matte jersey by Abraham. Jeans, jacket, and tank top, (not shown), about \$175. Bonwit Teller; Country Club Fashions. Accessories, next to last page....  
*Beauty Prompter:* Roux's Lucky Copper rinse could be just the shot of color hair needs for the burnished shine seen here.



## the makeup for evening

What you want at night now is deeply subtle, shimmery coloring about the eyes and a touch of mystery — hazy browns, greys sheer as mist, nothing heavier or darker than that — so nobody knows quite what's gone on. It's all in the contrast between deep muted eye shadings and pale skin — skin with the creaminess of a camellia and about as much sheen ... color rising along the cheekbone and hairline ... really magnificent hair. And then, Oscar de la Renta's beautifully fluid long dress, covering you in vivid flowers light as air.

Dress and kimono coat in silk satin (Verron fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue, Swanson's, Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Coiffure by Maury Hopson. Accessory details, next to last page of this issue.



# the lift for evening

Apart from the news of the shoe with a lift, which is one of the prettiest slippers imaginable; this picture stands for the whole story of color on legs and on feet now: pick up the color of your shoe and keep it going right on up the leg or pick up the color of your dress and carry that down the leg (what you don't want to do ever is introduce a new color on the leg because that would break the line). With the *bien élevé* little slipper you see here in green, blue, pink, and peach satin set on a wedge, the patterned legs could be in any one of the four pale shades—you can see how delicious either pink or green would look. And your dress could be a long pale crêpe de Chine... or a print that picks up some of the shadings... or even one of the creamy, ivory whites—off-white dinner pyjamas in matte jersey or crêpe de Chine would be lovely.

Satin slippers by Tony the Shoemaker for Bonwit Teller. About \$40. Also at Joseph Magnin. Hanes nylon tights: one pair in pink, one in green, \$3.50, each. At Bergdorf Goodman, Wanamaker's, Phila.; Joseph Magnin.

# the covered dress for evening

This look is the star: Cardin's long, fluid, covered dress. The simplicity of it—the subtlety of the bias cut—is extraordinary: black crêpe-backed satin, small, soft, and falling against the body to the ankle... just that, and a kerchief in yellow satin, swung like a cowboy's... no weight at all... nothing to distract. You know instinctively you don't have to do things to it. Leave it alone! It's a dress that speaks for itself.

By Pierre Cardin Paris-New York; of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon (Onondaga fabric). About \$275. At Bonwit Teller, E. Magnin, Saks. Elura wig by Fashion Tress. Accessory details, next to last page.





# this under all.

A snug little brown bodystocking with almost nothing to it — just what you want under everything now: It's haltered to allow lots of bareness. It's cut high on the leg to prevent any bulge. It holds you lightly . . . silkily . . . sexily. And the way you feel in it is the way a woman ought to feel—divine!

By Van Raalte, of Antron nylon and Lycra. About \$16. At Bloomingdale's.

# the key look— sweater dressing by shirtdress

You know how great it feels to simply live in shirts, skirts, and sweaters. Well, now you've got that same wonderful feeling in a dress. It's Chester Weinberg's and it's the perfect shirtdress—printed black silk...white collar and cuffs...pleated skirt...beautiful cut...and over it—here's the key thing—a little crocheted wool tank-top sweater that's small, neat, and just the way layers should be these days: If you like to put on a dress from time to time (and who doesn't!) this is a divine way to have your dress and your sweater dressing, too.



Abraham silk dress by Chester Weinberg. Sweater and cap by Jacqueline Jewett for Chester Weinberg. Dress and sweater, about \$345; crocheted wool cap, about \$40. All, Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress and sweater, also at B. Forman; O'Neil's; Dayton's. Accessories, next to last page.

# underdressing— the prettiest bra

Everything soft and pretty and feminine about the mood of dressing today—summed up by a little black lace bra that's nothing else but....If a bit were to show—in a wide-open neckline or a deep plunge—that would be charming. But even if it's unseen, the point is: you know you have it on, you feel prettier for it—and that shows....

In nylon. By  
Matej Sherko  
for Character.  
\$11. Henri  
Bendel, Maury  
Hopson coif.





## the pants suit at night

A lot of things a lot of people are looking for now—rolled into one, at left: the Chinese work suit—but in a wonderful polished black with a quilted jacket over a white satin-crêpe blouson—and for such pleasurable work as dinner at your place, at their place, at some cozy bistro. In a word: your uniform—the kind of easy, dashy, right-every-time look you can throw on night after night without thinking, without tiring.

...And one more thing. Once you put this in your life, you have got yourself a very nifty little extra jacket. You could swing it over velvet jeans...over white trousers... over a long black wrap skirt, with a white silk dinner shirt underneath and a suède belt in Irish green...over a narrow black chon san, slit ankle to thigh... and so on. And on. Our idea of a Bargain in Chic, which is what the whole world is looking for, yes?

All, Oscar de la Renta Boutique, about \$280; (polished black Brochiers Couture polyester and wool), Lillie Rubin, Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's, Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. All accessories, next to last page.

# the short dress at night

On the slender chance that someone—some-where—somehow—is not entirely convinced that there is more flirt and charm and prettiness in fashion today than yesterday or the day before, we give you this bare, covered, small-waisted, full-skirted navy taffeta—a flick of pleating over the knee, nothing over the back.

Just one white camellia and a thousand tiny pleats standing around in admiration....

A beautiful back  
—even of color,  
even of texture  
—is a must-  
must (look into  
body makeups,  
bleach creams,  
massage; loof-  
ah unceasing-  
ly). And shorter hair—with this line, anything more on-the-neck, more on-the-face than shown would cost your throat.

Bill Blass; William Rose silk. About \$425; Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; Dayton's. Elura wig, Kenneth; cut and arranged by Maury Hopson.



# PEOPLE ARE

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The real confusion in the Democratic party about who's running for President. . . . **Sex**, the latest **ANDY WARHOL** movie that started out to be a comedy on Women's Lib and wound up an extraordinary essay on contemporary sexuality, with three men—Jackie Curtis, Candy Darling, and Holly Woodlawn—playing women. . . . Roman-candle young conductor Daniel Barenboim, directing Stravinsky's "Concerto in D Major for Strings" for the Los Angeles Philharmonic, January 16.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . **JORGE LUIS BORGES**'s short stories written after a space of seventeen years, collected in *Doctor Brodie's Report*, all unalike, all full of the unbearable fascination of childhood stories. . . . Roy Lichtenstein's paintings of architectural friezes, monotonous, plain, and not without humor, at the Leo Castelli Gallery in New York. . . . Murray Louis's new dance *Hoopla*, a steal from the Lisbon State Police Band, January 26, during the appearance of the Murray Louis Dance Company and the Nikolais Dance Theatre at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The answers given by a young writer to a questionnaire sent her by an interviewer: Q. "Do you often play dumb for men?" A. "Yes." Q. "If so, why?" A. "Dumbness." . . . *The Art of the Old West*, the magnificent art book, a frenzied and Romantic stampede of images, from the collection of the Gilcrease Institute in Tulsa, Oklahoma. . . . Régine, singer, Paris nightclub owner, entrepreneur, her own best act at the Persian Room of The Plaza hotel in New York.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The quiet splendors of the Post-Impressionist paintings in the Edouard Vuillard retrospective, January 29, The Art Institute of Chicago. . . . **BETTE MIDLER**, the half-'forties, half-now singer, and her funny three-voiced takeoff of the Andrews Sisters. . . . *Narrow Road to the Deep North*, the scorching play, now in New York, by Edward Bond, the young British playwright, about the interlocking viciousness of the oppressed and the oppressor.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . **FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT**'s new movie, exuberantly melancholy, part Brontë and part Proust, *Deux Anglaises et le Continent* ("Two English Girls and the Continent"); a switch on the triangle of *Jules et Jim*, two sisters, played by Kika Markham and Stacey Tendeter, are in love with the same young man, Jean-Pierre Léaud, Truffaut's cinematic counterpart. The rest is a ballet of kisses and growing passion.

## *mcdowell: 21-c. thug*

Spokesman for a clan of Droogs, gangs of boys that terrorize England sometime in the future, Malcolm McDowell, a walloping new culture hero, left, as Alex in the new Stanley Kubrick movie, *A Clockwork Orange*, based on the immensely influential 1962 novel by Anthony Burgess. At twenty-eight, Malcolm McDowell, although he has appeared in only three other movies including *If . . .*, has become his own sort of star, with an English potato face and a manner that is charged with sly sex. In Kubrick's film, an outraging masterpiece, a satire on how society controls itself, an essay in the mindless violence at the core of urban life, McDowell plays "a young man whose principal interests are rape, ultraviolence and Beethoven," spouting an argot Nadsat that mixes Russian and a sort of teddy-boy slang Burgess invented for his novel. About *A Clockwork Orange*, Kubrick said, "Man has to find his own meaning for meaninglessness, his own way out of violence." McDowell kicks home.

JACK ROBINSON

VOGUE, January 15, 1972

# TALKING ABOUT

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Georges Feydeau's manic comedy of errors *There's One in Every Marriage*, snatched for Broadway by producer **DAVID MERRICK** from Stratford, Ontario. . . . The strange metaphysics of "De Chirico by de Chirico," opening January 19 at The New York Cultural Center, catalogue by the artist. . . . *Lorraine Hansberry: To Be Young, Gifted and Black*, the play about exactly that, adapted for PBS television, January 20.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The startling discovery by two pharmacologists at the University of Rhode Island that laboratory animals, in addition to voluntarily controlling heart rate and blood pressure, can control the assimilation of drugs by changes in body temperature and liver enzymes that break down the drugs, suggesting that drug tolerance can be learned. . . . The retrospective exhibition of photographs by Paul Strand, a student of Stieglitz, at the Philadelphia Museum of Art until January 30, "stirring photographs that look deep, perhaps deeper than the camera has ever looked." . . . The American premiere of British playwright David Storey's *The Contractor*, a deceptively simple play about the raising of a tent in preparation for a wedding, at The Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven, Connecticut.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The breakthrough in all the sciences that keeps pushing man's beginnings farther and farther back into prehistory and C. W. Ceram's *The First American: A Story of North American Archaeology*, that reads like a first-rate detective story. . . . The tatty, easy sound of **JONATHAN EDWARDS** singing "Sunshine." . . . The unexpected riches of the painted scrolls and albums lent by Japanese collectors for the Asia House exhibition in New York, "Scholar Painters of Japan: The Nanga School."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . **JEAN GENÈT**'s meat-cleaver charade about the French in Algeria, *The Screens*, the four-and-a-half-hour play given an ambitious but patchy American debut at the Chelsea Theater Center of Brooklyn. One of the funniest lines is delivered by a colonial to a fellow colonial as they obliviously stroll through an orange grove just set aflame by revolutionaries: "Smells like marmalade."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The powerful book of essays by master critic **GEORGE STEINER**, *In Bluebeard's Castle*, in which he describes what he sees as the end of European culture in World War II, fed by the destructive boredom of the nineteenth century, moving inevitably toward the truth hidden behind the last remaining locked door, still locked, in Bluebeard's castle. . . . The Carpenters singing "Bless the Beasts and Children," a domestic lyric sprung by irony. . . . The shock visit to London of the troupe of the Mevlevi, the whirling dervishes of Konya, Turkey, with their staggering, heightened use of dance as a form of mystical contemplation.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Lincoln Kirstein's *Movement and Metaphor: Four Centuries of Ballet*, more than a book about the ballet, a survey of the West in terms of movement, fleshed out with rare illustrations.

## atkins: 16-c. queen

Shining through the deluge of queens on American television, stage, and screen, Eileen Atkins, the British actress, right, as Elizabeth I opposite Claire Bloom's Mary Stuart, in the Broadway production of Robert Bolt's smash London play *Vivat! Vivat Regina!* Eileen Atkins' Elizabeth is a farthingaled hurricane scattering words and heads like torrents. The original Elizabeth was far from a stately monarch: up until her death at sixty-nine, Elizabeth loved to do the almost gymnastic dances of the period, including the Italian volta which required leaping high in the air. As dramatic as Elizabeth's reign was, the meeting with Mary Queen of Scots, whom she kept a prisoner for nineteen years, never took place. In London, Eileen Atkins' performance drew the sort of deep-throated "huzzas" that must have been heard at Elizabethan bear circuses. Here, her flounce and hennaed wig bring whistles. Eileen Atkins has been on the stage for almost twenty years, cutting her teeth on Shakespeare and the rest of the splendid classical canon of British rep. Curiously, her only other Broadway appearance was as Childe in *The Killing of Sister George*, an almost colorless role, brilliantly done. Eileen Atkins said, "Elizabeth is the part we would all like to play."





"Du Côté de Ferrières," the spectacularly beautiful ball given by the Baron and Baronne Guy de Rothschild at the château de Ferrières outside of Paris—a night intended to evoke the époque of Marcel Proust's novel (Continued on next page)

# emembrance of things Proust-

BEGINNING AT RIGHT,

A PORTFOLIO PHOTOGRAPHED BY CECIL BEATON

EXCLUSIVELY FOR VOGUE OF SOME OF THE GUESTS—WITH CECIL BEATON'S COMMENTS ON EACH.

1. The château lit up to the attic....2. Baron and Baronne Guy de Rothschild....3. For dining, the ballroom turned into a fantastic winter garden....4. H.S.H. Princess Grace of Monaco in gold-dotted black chiffon by Saint Laurent....5. Vicomtesse de Ribes in salmon-pink satin and tulle, dancing with M. Jean-Claude Brialy....6. Mme. Michel David-Weil....7. The enfilade of salons, one opening to the next....8. Two of the spectacular coiffures du soir, Mme. Jean-Noël Grinda, left, with Mme. Porfirio Rubirosa....9. Mme. Dimitri Bouboulis whispering behind her lace fan to Mme. Louis Hachette....10. Baron Alexis de Redé and Principessa Margot Alliata di Montereale, in pale-blue silk and feathers by Dior....11. Mme. Patrick Guerrand-Hermès with Mme. Francois Catroux....12. The camera catches a frieze of some of the beautiful guests in coiffures du soir, enchanting, splendid Belle Epoque costumes....13. Comtesse Armand de Baudry d'Asson, left, and Comtesse Jean de Rohan Chabot fluttering their feather fans....14. Mme. Cristina de Caraman....15. Mme. Porfirio Rubirosa....16. Mme. Bernard Lanvin, left, in buttercup tulle, her coif by Alexandre shooting yellow feathers, with Baroness Heinrich von Thyssen in ivory taffeta, feather coif by Carita....17. Baronne Guy de Rothschild greeting guests....18. Baronne Thierry van Zuylen....



© of Elizabeth Taylor, in black taffeta and lace by Valentino, a coiffure by Alexandre, and a mint's worth of diamonds and emeralds, Cecil Beaton says, "I ignored all those jewels. The only thing I concentrated on was her contours—the line of the cheek is delightful.... She looks very unspoiled...."

**Elizabeth and Richard Burton**

(Continued) "À la Recherche du temps perdu—a triumph complete, from the anticipation of arrival—driving from Paris through dark misty winter roads...all at once the château itself blazing with light from giant flaming torches, the shadows of the towering façade flickering with hundreds of crystal candelabras placed in every window to the attics—the moment of arrival...car doors opened by footmen in Louis IV livery, the dazzle of blazing light against the black sky—through the great doors, directly ahead the big double stone staircase, the steps edged with string musicians—the impact of music, of impending excitement...down the long hall, its dark walls flickering with the fire-light of huge sputtering candelabra held high every few feet by footmen in powdered wigs, red-

### Marisa Berenson

The beautiful Marisa came to the Rothschild ball as a startling recreation of the legendary Marchesa Luisa Casati Stampa—dark, flashingly wicked as a bird in a costume designed by Piero Tosi, wearing a brilliant red wig, deepest rimmed black kohl eyes, a scarlet slash of lips—"I thought it was a beautiful conception of Marisa's"—Beaton said. "It was remarkable and very daring of her when everyone else was trying to look beautiful—to be outrageous...I admired it very much."





and-gold coats...around a Coromandel screen and into the first of the series of salons...the major domo in a booming voice announces each guest to the Baron and Baronne Guy de Rothschild...La Baronne is in ivory satin designed by Yves Saint Laurent, as lustrous as her torsades of pearls, her blond hair, coiffed by Alexandre, caught with ivory roses and diamonds...now begins the spectacle. The series of salons themselves have needed little decoration other than giant flower arrangements, for they are of the *époque*—luxurious patterns of carpets, of tapestried walls, of plump tufted banquettes, love seats, roundabouts covered in satin or brocade or Spanish silk shawls or furs...satin- or moire-skirted tables stuffed with silver- and vermeil-framed photographs of the Rothschild family and friends...the colors all beiges and wood browns, Victorian reds and golds, soft light, candles everywhere...The glitter of diamonds, the gleam of pearls...towering coiffures—superb, absurd, twittering with fountains and sprints, fantasies of feathers, lace...ivory, ostrich fans fluttering...the swishing of moire, taffeta, silk, satin, tulle, lace skirts...the crush...the scent of a hundred delectable perfumes mingled—of jasmine, patchouli, roses...the sounds, the mixtures of voices, of accents from France, England, Italy, America...the splendor of men in white tie, uniforms, ribbons and medals...the excitement of combining the famous, the film world, the oldest

## Capucine

"Remarkably beautiful...very like a Sargent portrait, the lovely simplicity of her hair. She has what the French call *la ligne*"  
—Beaton's comments on Capucine,  
in black taffeta from Givenchy,  
a painted fan, long loops of pearls,  
an osprey-feather-edged coiffure by Laurent...

## Audrey Hepburn

In all white—point d'esprit and tulle  
dotted with chalk-white beads  
by Valentino, pristine white stockings,  
gloves, a lace fan—Cecil Beaton  
said "Audrey looked very simple,  
very charming—like a little  
girl at a picnic..."



## THE ROTHSCHILD BALL

titles, the most beautiful young, the talents, the personalities...it is heady. Everyone observes, is observed...is watching, is part of the spectacle.... And now to dinner. The huge white-and-gold ballroom to the left has been magically transformed by Jean-François Daigre and Valerian Rybar into an enormous winter garden, the walls from ceiling to floor a glassed-in conservatory of thousands of green plants, the green silk ceiling supporting a great crystal chandelier. On each of the thirty-five tables for ten, pale-mauve pleated cloths, centerpieces of pale-violet and purple orchids nestled in green flowering plants. A mauve fan names each table for a character from a Proust novel, place cards are written in violet ink....It is a superb dinner, even more superb wines, incomparable champagne. ...And now the after-dinner guests arrive...even more of a crush, a spectacle—it is fun to wander, to cluster in corners, watching—or to waltz to the musicians on a little stage now set in the winter garden. In a separate small salon, Cecil Beaton as Nadar in doeskin breeches and black moiré waistcoat, is photographing a few of the most beautiful guests for *Vogue*. And at 3 AM there is a buffet.... It is an unforgettable night, of a beauty affecting all senses...

(Continued on page 103)

## Elsa Martinelli

Totally of the époque in an authentic 1910 linen-and-lace dress, her hazelnut-coloured hair by Carita. Cecil Beaton thought Elsa Martinelli "lovely—her hair so simple, so shining... her dark-red lips against that mélange of different whites—the dress, the fur, even the yellowish-pinkish-white rose in her hair—she would have been a complete Boldini portrait with a brace of Borzois...."



# IF YOU'RE

## causes...danger points...and how

There are 20,000 successful suicides in the United States every year. If we consider the unknown number of unsuccessful attempts and the masked suicides listed as accidents, we can at best only estimate the multitude of people who, consciously or unconsciously, felt driven by some inner power to destroy themselves. Adding to this uncertain figure the despondent, the chronically sad, and the legions of people who by means of alcohol, nicotine, and drug abuse cut short their lives, we are overwhelmed not only by the staggering figure itself but by the diffident question of how such a widespread morbid trend in our society tallies with man's allegedly indomitable will to live.

What force is it that drives man to ruin his health, to cripple his ability to function, or to annihilate that precious force we call life? In almost every act of self-destructive behavior, the illness that exists in depth is medically described as depression.

**WHAT IS DEPRESSION?** So acute and widespread has this problem become in recent years that it has moved into the lime-light of intense psychiatric investigation.

Depression as defined by psychiatrists is a morbid sadness, a dejection or melancholy that doctors say must not be confused with grief. Grief is considered a realistic and appropriate reaction to an actual loss about which a person has full consciousness and awareness. Depression is a more subjective reaction to an event that causes a loss of security and self-esteem and is accompanied by a greater or lesser sense of futility. Depressions differ in depth, duration, and degree. They vary from individual to individual and the extent to which people distort their position in reality and gloomily disolor their view of life.

A clear distinction must be made between neurotic and psychotic depressions. Psychotically depressed patients are the more seriously mentally sick. They are the wretched human beings who used to fill the mental hospitals, where they had been sent by their physicians or families to wither away.

A significant step toward a cure of heretofore hopeless cases of depression took place before World War II with the introduction of electric shock therapy and insulin shock treatment, but progress of more fundamental depth has resulted from our growing understanding of the dynamics of the human mind, of psychotherapy, and the enormous advances in the field of chemotherapy, especially during the past decade and a half. This has produced a vast variety of effective antidepressant drugs capable of re-

storing many people to useful and pleasant lives.

We are concerned here not with the serious depressions of the estimated 6-8 million people who, every year, require psychiatric help, but with those depressions we may call "normal," since ***all people experience a depressed mood at one time or another in their lives.***

Why, for reasons often unknown to themselves, do people slide into a state of depression, and what can they do to pull themselves out of it? Let us examine why with some people depressions last a few days or weeks and with others it takes a longer time for the morbid symptoms to disappear. When a person cannot shake off a depression, ***when such a state lingers on for several months or longer,*** then we are dealing with a more serious emotional illness.

### **WHAT CAUSES DEPRESSION?**

Depressions are universal experiences and not necessarily caused by our highly civilized society. The Romans referred to this low, listless state simply as *taedium vitae*—tiredness of life. The more sophisticated French call a depression a *maladie sans maladie*. Hippocrates came close to our newer, scientific understanding of depression. He explained health and illness as a matter of the four "temperaments," due to various mixtures of the body fluids (today we would name these fluids hormones or other chemical body products). Hippocrates believed that melancholics, the large group of people who feel sad and dejected, suffered from too much black bile. He compared the melancholics with the choleric—the ever-angry—who behaved in a hostile-aggressive manner due, perhaps, to an abundance of too freely flowing green bile.

Some scientists consider depressions to be genetic in origin or the result of a chemical imbalance. The majority of psychiatrists, however, especially doctors who accept ***the role unconscious motivations play in human behavior,*** as this writer does, believe a depression is the result of a loss. The loss can be immediate—the sudden death of a mate, of one's child, a parent, or a close friend. Or the loss can be expected or feared, as is the case with the illness of someone who plays an important role in one's life.

Depression can also be triggered by the loss of a possession, depending, of course, on how much the possession meant to the person. It may be the loss of one's home by fire or flood or socio-economic causes. It may be the loss of a job, of money and security.

The robbery of a woman's jewels or furs, a painting, or something of great sentimental value may cause a depression. But responses of this

kind are short-lived and depend greatly on the degree of emotional security or prestige derived from the lost possession. The lightness or depth of such a depression is conditioned by the maturity or superficiality of the individual's values.

While failure and loss may depress one person, they may cause another to mature. Life spares no one sorrow and fear about the future, but man is built to meet challenges and he possesses an amazing resiliency in coping with adversity. We may all hurt from a rejection in love, or the pain of a marriage that breaks. Many people come out of such an unhappy experience stronger, though not always wiser. Wisdom depends on the degree of insight and clarity in sizing up a life situation objectively or the person's ability to ask himself why he failed.

### **ARE SOME PEOPLE MORE PRONE TO DEPRESSION?**

Women are more prone to depression than men. The ratio is said to be double, some researchers think three times as high. All kinds of explanations have been given, ranging from hormone disturbances to the repressed rebellion against the inferior role women play in a male-dominated society. According to my own experience, the higher depression rate is due to personality factors, to critical periods in their lives, and to the behavior "expected" of women. (With a man, in addition to loss, depression is produced by a sense of failure in regard to his role as a functioning male and to his competitive role with other men.)

Women who have had a depressed parent are more likely to become depressed later on in life. However, ***depressions can begin early in life and have even been found in six-month-old babies.*** These babies manifest their unhappy state by crying, by sleep disturbances, and by a failure to thrive. These are also colic babies. At first they display violent reactions such as restlessness and banging their heads; then they show weakness and lie in their cribs motionless, eventually refusing to respond altogether.

Pavlov, perhaps our century's most precise scientist, demonstrated how deprived and restricted environmental factors produce inhibited and fearful behavior in dogs and in humans as well. Both react to prolonged stress by withdrawal and depression.

As to the higher rate of depression in women, it seems to me that men, more than women, spend their aggression in their work and derive a sense of security from a home managed by a woman. Even if women work, they still run a house, care about their children; even if they have help, they still carry the responsibility of the home and cannot relax in the way a man

# depressed to pull out

## KNOW WHY

does who too often pursues his own interests at home—which irritates his wife and usually makes her feel “left out.”

As a rule, women have more free time than men. Often being tied to the house and perhaps experiencing the feeling of being trapped in an uninspiring existence, they may become frustrated and bored. **Boredom is a quiet state on the surface only.** Deep within is a conflict of wanting to get away or of wish-dreams, perhaps of sexual excitements or a fantasy-life, all of which may be more repressed the more they run counter to one's moral code. And repression of rebellious thoughts or resentfully submitting to serve a sort of life sentence in a boxed-in, uneventful routine, causes rebellion-repression—depression.

There are, however, events most women share, though not all women become depressed. One is childbirth, another is menopause. The postpartum blues of many women are—I believe—partially due to personality-type. They may be among the restless, the quickly irritated temperaments; but more are the melancholics who find life a joyless and tormenting business one has to endure. Whatever the personality, too many women, it seems, are ill-prepared for motherhood and are fearful of failure, of assuming the responsibility for a new life. **Women who wish to escape the frightening demands of reality are prone to depression**, while happy women, women who enjoy pregnancy, are unlikely to become depressed.

Another reason for the postpartum blues is the fact that not all women genuinely love the man whose child they have carried and now have to bring up. The aggressive or choleric woman may want the child, but she may also want her independence and the pursuit of a career or a life that is less restricting. We are not born with maturity, we have to develop it.

The time of menopause is a difficult one for most women, especially in our youth-oriented society and may be a cause of depression. In my intern years, I treated many women for menopausal complaints, a known syndrome of hot flushes, sweating, insomnia, and depression, and I shot them full of estrogen. They felt better; perhaps it was the estrogen, perhaps it was the attention and the hope of prolonging youth. But as I watched them I got the mental picture of all those women dreading, as if forced by nature, to walk through a gate above which big letters read “Old Age.” Regardless of the vast armory of cosmetic marvels, including plastic surgery, the onset of menopause is traumatic and anticipated with anxiety.

Of course, this gloomy anticipation is fed by inner anxiety and feelings of unfulfillment.

BY ARNOLD A. HUTSCHNECKER, M.D.

Women who are in tune with life are less fearful. Indeed, women can and do retain a youthful look and an attractiveness that comes from inner harmony. **An angry woman cannot retain her beauty.** There are beautiful faces, cold and without lines, looking like Greek statues, but they are statues and not women. I dare say that they have not given of themselves, nor have they really enjoyed the abandonment of feelings that a woman has when she is in love and that grows and deepens when a woman has the capacity to love.

Another period of crisis and depression is the mid-thirties. The child-bearing period has come to an end, not physiologically, of course, but culturally. Healthy women have their children young. Nature has set for them the task of reproducing. Having fulfilled their destiny, women, unless they can sublimate their creativity in a way that has meaning, may feel useless, ineffectual, and become depressed.

In the forever-game women play for the attention of men, the mid-thirties are years of anxiety, increased by a sharper battle of competition. And yet, it is true that **women can be more magnetic and seductive in their middle years than many of their younger rivals.** There can be an attractiveness that comes with ripeness and a command of subtly projecting an individual style that is alluringly feminine.

In depressions, whether they are set off by a woman who bemoans her youth or, on the other side of the scale, a youth who loses the security of her home, there is the sadness about a loss and the fear of never regaining what has been lost—protection and security in the young, youth in the aging woman. Both attitudes are understandable but both reflect an immature attitude towards life. The young woman must make efforts to discover a meaning for her life. The older woman has to adjust to where she is in life, and she must give her life some direction if she wishes to avoid moods of depression.

**ONE SENSITIVE AREA** that causes depression is failure in one's sexual functioning. In a woman it is the inability to experience orgasm, as well as the insecurity of confusion about her role as a woman, as a wife, or as a mother. In the male, it is impotence.

Everyone is exposed to criticism and runs the risk of rejection, failure, and depression—especially someone who is in the public eye.

Artists are constantly open to verdicts of censure and rejection. Annihilating criticism may cause a depression of short duration for one person, but may be deep and paralyzing for another.

We say it is a matter of personality. What we mean to say is that one person possesses enough self-confidence and ego-strength to absorb a blow while another withdraws from a world that is unkind and does not understand him. In the first case we assume the person to be sound and honest and capable of admitting inadequacy. In the second, we are probably dealing with a neurotic, not very stable individual. Such a person may live in fantasy and be megalomaniacal about himself, displaying a daring façade to cover deeper feelings of inferiority. People of this type are likely to sink into deep depression and may stay in it, since there is little incentive for them to take up a battle that may again end in failure.

**NOT FAILURE BUT SUCCESS** may set off depression on an entirely different type of personality. One who feels guilty and basically unworthy. For example: An actress in her early thirties came to see me because she was deeply depressed. She had made some sort of name for herself in Hollywood but, as she said contemptuously, in B pictures only. She felt wounded, discouraged, and unwanted. Her movie career had come to an end.

The woman's personal life was also in a state of disaster. Her marriage had just ended in divorce. “He was a nice boy,” she said, “but he did not want a woman, he wanted a mommy.” She married him because she was lonely and he was attractive and amusing. But, actually, she felt flattered that someone wanted her so badly. She blamed herself for her poor judgment, insisting that the whole thing had been her fault, and she therefore did not ask for any alimony.

At the time of her divorce, she did not know she was pregnant. In New York when she discovered this, she required a curettage. This experience depressed her greatly; although she had been ambivalent about having children, the loss of the child filled her with deep guilt and regret, but she knew she could not take care of a child at the time, with no job, no money, and no husband.

During her first interview in my office, fighting off tears, she displayed a disarming honesty and helplessness. She (Continued on page 101)

BEAUTY BULLETIN-

# THE VITALITY KNACK





## EXERCISE: GETTING INTO THE SWING

"Fitness makes for joy in living. And nothing is more easily attained—if you exercise properly." Nicholas Kounovsky speaking, and he ought to know. He's been shaping up people in his New York studio for over twenty-five years. And if the knack of vitality is exercise, the knack of exercise is getting into the swing of it every day. The pretty body here has. She's in the midst of Inverted Suspension—great for circulation, balance, grace. This is one of three one-minute exercises designed by Kounovsky to do daily, morning and night, on his Nakbar. This folding home-gym comes with mat and two sets of special dumbbells (his and hers), holds up to three hundred pounds without budging, tucks away under a single bed. It's fun. It's incentive. But only you can exercise—and there's nothing like it to make you feel better inside and out. For more on the Kounovsky method of exercising, there's his excellent book, *The Joy of Feeling Fit* (E.P. Dutton) that lets you pick a daily régime to suit your particular body and needs. Also new (and great for groups) are two Kounovsky cassettes. The master's voice explains that exercise should be effortless, graceful, efficient—and then tells you how to do it that way, every day....The Nakbar exercise kit, about \$50, at Altman's. Also, to order at Naks, 25 West 56th Street, New York City 10019. Exercise cassettes, about \$12, to order at Cassette Development Corp., 295 Madison Avenue, New York City 10017.

**Exercise** is making the most of yourself. A graceful body with good weight distribution depends as much on muscle tone as on diet. There's nothing mystical about it. Regular exercise develops a healthier outlook as well as a healthier body, makes every aspect of living better. An alert mind and body go together; and physical fitness gives you a sense of well-being that can tide you over in days of stress. A body in balance is controlled and coordinated. You walk freely, strongly. You have more energy. You're more attractive, and more attractive to be with: interested, in tune, alive. Most adults react to the idea of daily exercise like children to practicing scales—it's a bore. It needn't be. You've got to start by doing; if you get bored or tired, stop.

And start again the next day. But keep going. Get the habit....

Vitality is also **eating** to make the most of yourself—the healthiest, most energetic you possible.

The quality of your health relies just as much on an adequate

intake of **minerals** as of vitamins. Most nutritionists agree that the average American diet is rarely deficient—with two possible exceptions: calcium and iron....The need for calcium is greatest in childhood for growing teeth and bones, but it never disappears. The clotting ability of the blood, muscle tone and contraction, nerve sensibility—all require calcium. When it's in short supply, the body taps its storehouse, the bones. And if the balance isn't restored, bones weaken, break easily, heal poorly. Recent medical studies also indicate that severe calcium lack can cause tension, anxiety, irritability, insomnia. Health-food enthusiasts have long maintained that

### **calcium is a natural tranquilizer.**

How much calcium is enough? It can be stored in the body, but an average of eight hundred milligrams a day is recommended for adults. Two cups of milk (any type) or yogurt supply about six hundred; the rest can come from cheeses or leafy green vegetables, and eggs are fairly high. If milk isn't your drink, try to eat more salads and use milk in cooking. (Check with your doctor. Too much of a good thing can be a bad thing: an excess can build up harmful calcium deposits in some adults, particularly those with kidney stones.) ...

### **Popeye was right.**

Iron's got the vitality knack—it's part of every cell in the body. The highest iron concentration is in the blood: in hemoglobin, which carries oxygen to every part of the body. Iron

deficiency is indeed tired blood...and tired everything else. Just getting through the day becomes an exhausting effort. The amount of iron the body uses each day is far greater than the normal daily intake. Happily, a very efficient re-cycling process is always at work. Even so, deficiency isn't rare, especially in women—menstruation and pregnancy make a woman's needs much greater than a man's. Rich iron sources are organ meats (liver, kidneys), spinach, and dried fruits; beans and eggs are good, too. Unfortunately, one source—absorption into foods from cast-iron cookware—has nearly disappeared with the use of aluminum and "nonstick." But the food industry is cooperating by enriching foods like cereals and breads. Again, though, too much is too much; check with your doctor. He can also easily diagnose and remedy any iron deficiency. Feel better? ...On to **whiter whites.**

No matter how dazzling your makeup, tired, reddened eyes are a sure dazzle dampener. Proper diet and enough sleep are the answer, of course, but sometimes smoke, smog, or a dripping shampoo can irritate even the most pampered eyes. Eyedrops help. In Europe, they're standard beauty equipment; people carry eyedrops as routinely as lipstick or a pocket comb. One New Yorker says she uses eyedrops more on the West Coast; seems that exhaust fumes and petroleum refineries make Western smog even worse than Eastern. A rinse with eyedrops can cleanse, brighten, whiten. A temporary measure, but a refreshing and soothing one. Eyedrops—or a soaking wet cotton pad or dropperful of fresh cool water—will flush out tiny dirt or mascara particles; never pick or rub. Don't watch TV without turning on a light in the room. Use cold compresses for swollen eyes. Do follow eyedrops instructions, and don't overdo.



## THE VIBRANCY KNACK

Palmistry. Graphology. Needlepoint. Weaving. Brilliant new nail colors....We're getting back to hands. Use your hands. Express yourself. Hands are interesting—strong, smooth, attractive hands that look as if they know what they're doing. Your hands express character, health, and communicate better than anything except voice and facial expression—the dramatic impact of La Duse relied upon the sweeping power of her hands; she felt in every finger "a movement all its own." To develop more graceful, coordinated gestures, try this hand exercise from Nicholas Kounovsky: With both hands in front of you, palms down, curl your fingers into a loose, relaxed fist. Then gently turn your wrists inward, up, and out in a circular motion while unfolding your fingers as if they were the spokes of a fan you're holding, or the petals of a flower unfolding; ending palms up, fingers open but not stiffly straight. As Kounovsky says, "Every graceful gesture adds immeasurably to a woman's good looks."...

It's the year of hands...and **bright, shiny nails.** There's a whole lot of color going on. Nail-polish color that runs from brown, russet, plum...to a pride of pinks...to vibrant new poster-paint hues like the blue, green, red, and yellow of Mary Quant, who wears a different color on each nail...and who happens to have great nails. If you do, too, now's the time to polish them bright. If you don't, forget color until you've done something about it. You can. By using clear or natural nail polish until your nails reach a normal length.... **Start by filing nails properly,** with the fine side of the emery board, always toward the center. Never file them into points, or down into the corners. Then lay on the polish: it's an effective protective buffer between nails and breakage, and will take your nails on to newer and greater lengths. Prime with a base coat to prevent chipping. Let dry, then apply several coats of polish, drying each coat. Last, a top coat for added strength.... Delicate nails can benefit from nail hardeners if they're applied just to the free, or unattached, edge. Some nail builders contain protein which fills in microscopic splits; since that primes nails for polishing, these double as a base coat.... A weekly manicure is plenty; too frequent use of polish remover weakens your nails' natural durability. Buy oil-base remover—less drying....

And every other day or so, add a coat of clear polish whether you're wearing color or clear. **The more polish layers, the sturdier your nails**.... Remember, strengthened nails aren't strong nails and never will be. They can't dial telephones (use a pencil, not the point). They can't wash up or garden without rubber gloves. They can't act as bottle openers or screwdrivers. But—with patience and care—they can wear color. Get into it as soon as you can.... And now, announcing **the return of face powder!** All part of the makeup shakeup, that new razzmatazz mouth—wetter, redder—and those new smouldery eyes.... There's no way a face should compete; everything can't shine. Face powder's great for a nice demi-matte finish that sets off the glisten of lips and gleam of eyes. It's **a whole new look**... and possible now thanks to recent improvements that switched face powder's former cakey bent into a new, translucent, often no-color sheerness that won't change a basic makeup shade. What powder will do is minimize complexion imperfections in a way foundation alone often can't. It helps mop up oily skin, and seems to smooth out bumpy terrain. It protects: a shiny, naked face collects drifting dirt particles that clog pores; a pow-

dered face deflects them. And to top it all off, face powder completes your makeup, sets it, makes it last like forever.... **Powder power** begins by beginning with the right shades of foundation and blusher for your skin—under translucent powder, their color remains true. After making up, dip a fresh piece of cotton wool into loose powder, and press (don't rub; that moves what's gone on first) sides of nose, nose, chin, forehead, cheeks—blending gently. Then fluff away the excess with more clean cotton. Now add gleam where you want it: a little on cheekbones, temples, chin. Finally, rub your hands on an ice cube, dry them till just damp, and pat your face all over. This settles the makeup, sets the powder, removes a powdery look, and dispenses with any hands-off-I'm-all-madeup feeling. **You're set**...for hours.... Carry pressed powder (same talc-based ingredients as loose, plus binder) in your bag for repairs. It's a very sexy gesture, pulling out a pretty compact and powdering your nose....

# they do it



*"Needlepoint gives best  
by airplane light;  
any strong white light  
will do, otherwise,  
it's migraine time...."*

KITTY HAWKS

The joy of do-it-yourself is reentering the lives of the most attractive women everywhere... to each woman, her own very special form of creating... Nine of these women talk here about their special interests, give us tips...

**In**

ow, more than ever before, women everywhere are re-discovering that state of personal satisfaction that comes of personal creativity... only a few years ago it seemed a lost province... now they are baking their own bread or looming their own cloth, making dresses or binding books, potting or stitching... the list is as varied as the lives of the women who have undertaken these arts... uniting them all is their enjoyment in making something beautiful and fine by themselves, for themselves, or for others... Interestingly enough, most women experiment in several areas, or several branches of a single art, before finding the thing that's just right, that's just for them....

A marvelous side-benefit for those who know her is that the woman-who-does-something becomes such a joy to shop for: hostess presents, birthday, and just random "I knew you'd love this" presents abound: an art book or exhibition catalogue to inspire needlepoint designs... skeins of beautiful Bernat yarns in shocking pink and parrot green... a chunk of raw malachite or aventurine to 'pose' for a painted furniture finish or needlework imitation... a new attachment for her Singer sewing machine (the latest: a monogrammer)... a blue-and-white Canton mug filled with a clutch of fine sable brushes.

**KITTY HAWKS:** "I've been working with a needle all my life, but always one form of needlepoint or another—I can't stand to knit. I've done gros point and petit point, bargello, a little of everything. Now I'm combining stitches or using unusual stitches, because

I'm most interested in textural effects... I've just finished a pillow using the rice stitch. It involves six stitches in the space of one regular stitch. It takes forever, but ends up fantastic.... Now I'm learning to block my own canvases, and to join small pieces to form a large rug, and working on this pillow... I do my own designs and transfer them to the canvas (always with absolutely waterproof markers—I once ruined a pillow using Magic Markers to draw the design: when it was being blocked, the marker colors bled). . . . I often adapt a painting—this pillow is from an early Calder—but I work from a black-and-white photo of the painting in order to be free to work out my own colors. By chance, I hit on strong red, yellow, and apple green with black for this. A friend pointed out to me that those are pure Calder colors, but it was just a happy accident.... I work anywhere and anytime—at home, in taxis, subways, waiting rooms—but airplanes have the best light. It's flat, honest, and directionless. A flat, bright, white light is best. At home I have pink-tinted bulbs in the lamps, so I use a Tensor; otherwise, it's migraine time, especially if you work on something with subtle color shadings.... In the apartment, everything is in a big straw basket; when I carry it around, I have a squishier straw basket that tucks under my arm. I pin the wools to a top corner of the canvas so they don't go astray."

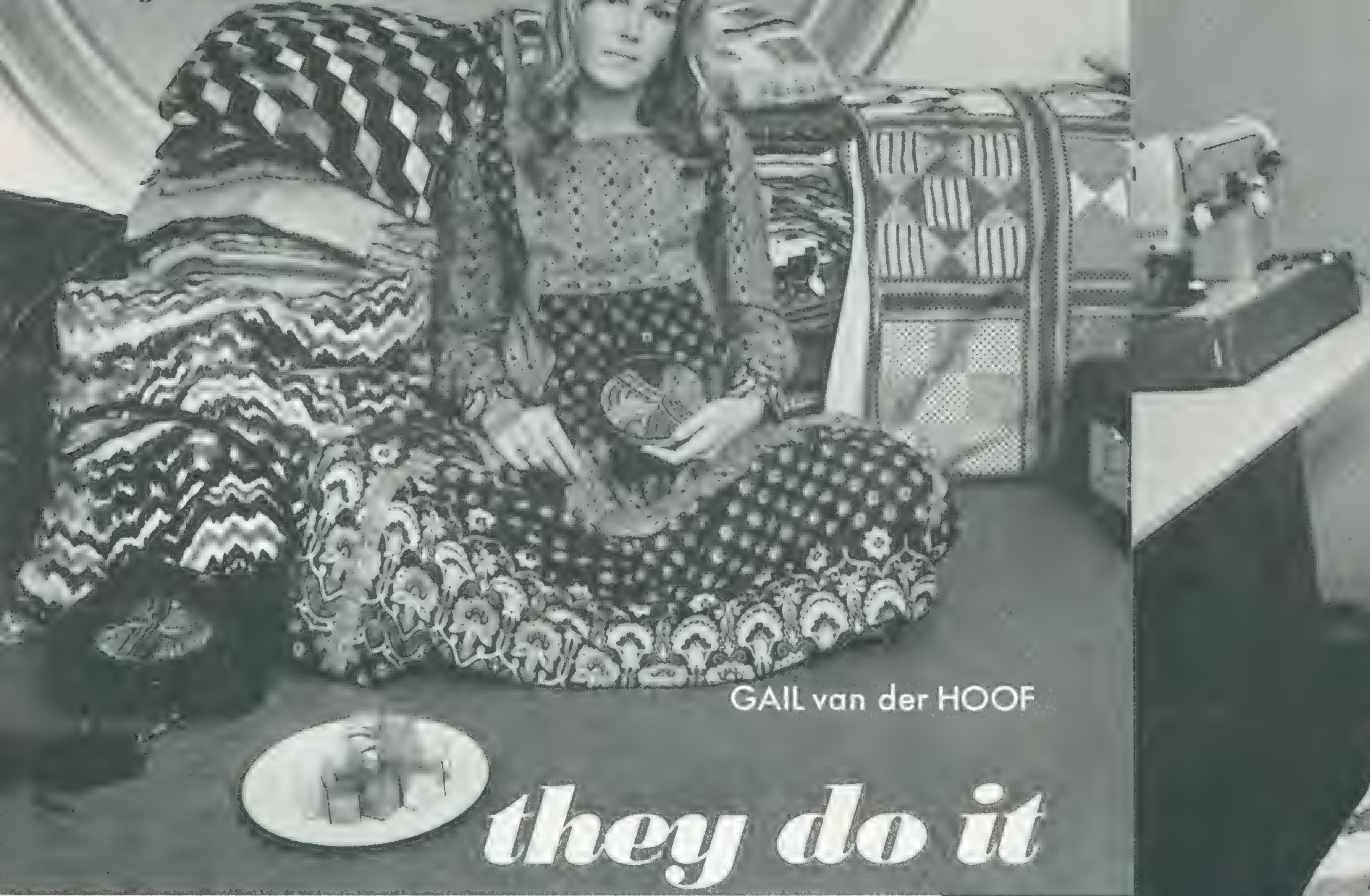
**LINDA HACKETT:** "I first started doing needlepoint, oh, about twelve years ago. I went to Mazaltov's to have a portrait of my Peke designed... after that, I graduated to doing my own (Continued on next page)

***"Bargello goes  
a bit faster than  
needlepoint.  
I do it while my  
husband watches  
football on  
television...."***



LINDA HACKETT

*"Beading rosettes for leather bags that I make keeps me busy looking for and collecting unusual beads...."*



GAIL van der HOOF



## *they do it*

(Continued) designs on the canvas. You can be so much more original, avant-garde or very traditional, and get ideas from everywhere. . . . Later, I got involved in designing and making my own clothes because it's fun . . . and instant. But I've come back to needlepoint because if you really enjoy what you're doing, it's beautiful to create something slowly, watch it grow and develop. . . . I've just finished a needlepoint backgammon board that took me six months. It was never a bore because it's a beautiful thing to look at, to work with, and something that will probably outlast my lifetime. . . . Lately, I'm doing bargello, which goes a bit faster. It's one stitch over four threads of canvas, as opposed to one stitch over each thread for needlepoint. I use 14-mesh Penelope canvas. . . . There are hundreds of designs (which I vary by five or six stitches to make them my own) in the book *Bargello; Florentine Canvas Work* by Elsa Williams. . . . Another advantage to bargello is that the finished piece is not stretched out of shape so badly as in needlepoint, so I can easily block my own work. . . . I block on an asbestos sheet—porous to cut drying time, and easy to pin into. . . . I work anywhere and anytime, but my favorite place is in the library where I have a good tall, bright lamp, while my husband watches hours of football on television . . . or in the front seat of the car. The light through the windshield is perfect, and I get in two hours of work when we drive to Southampton. . . . It's

very important (if you're right-handed) that the light be on your left; otherwise, your hand makes a shadow, and you can't see what you're doing. . . .

**GAIL van der HOOF:** "I felt the need to do something in New York, and beading leather rosettes is something that pleases me and that other people seemed to find desirable. . . . I learned to enjoy beading by helping a friend in Colorado, but have developed my own method . . . I stretch a piece of kidskin on a six-inch embroidery hoop, usually have a vague idea of the kind of design I want to do. First I did tree symbols, but now ideas come from anything: American patchwork quilts, embroidery, psychedelic paintings, anything—and I assemble the various colors in clear or opalescent glass 'seed beads' . . . the opaque beads used in Indian beadwork seem to want a preconceived pattern and have a harsher effect. . . . When the rosette is finished, I sew it onto the front pocket of a leather bag which I make—I lace it together, braid leather strips for a strap, and finish it with tassels of leather. I always add a few larger beads on the tassels or wherever. . . . I find antique beads and new ones in the trimmings area of the Garment District, beautiful beads in antique shops and wherever I travel. . . ."

**JANE HOLZER** in her workroom with her son Rusty: "It all started last year when I was doing over my apartment. None of the furniture I found looked right, or seemed to go with the big paintings. (Continued)



*“Sewing together  
pieces of patchwork  
quilts to cover  
this foam-sculpture  
sofa by John  
Chamberlain was my  
alternative to  
boring, slick leather....”*

JANE HOLZER



***"I sew together bits of all kinds of fur and leather to make coats...."***

## ***How they do it***

(Continued) Besides, I wanted a sofa for seven people—try that on the ordinary sofa. Then I saw this fantastic sculpture in polyurethane by John Chamberlain. . . . This is a whole new concept in seating; but I didn't want it in slick leather. . . . In the country I have a collection of patchwork quilts, and a bedroom covered in patchwork that I love . . . I took five of the quilts, all in beiges and browns, and started cutting them to fit the sofa; then someone showed me how to go about sewing them together. . . . It was easy as falling off a log. For one thing, I had the quilts. But now I'm doing another in Moroccan rugs. Go try to find five rugs that all work together—and sewing them together with heavy rug yarn! John Chamberlain shows at Leo Castelli's gallery and they've let me use a workroom there to work on the sofas. . . ."

**LARISA JAR ZOMBEK:** "I knew how to sew, and when I found that my friends needed extraordinary coats and jackets, I thought I would try. . . . I bought leathers and odd bits of fur, African cowrie shells for buttons . . . on some coats I had Mohawk drawings . . . sometimes, when I ran out of leather, I made a wild, jagged hemline. . . . Now, I make the coats in an atelier on Wooster Street with big wooden tables for pinning the leathers and furs and all around, hanging on the walls, all the leathers, suèdes, furs, and trims that I collect. . . ."

**MARTI FROST:** "In 1964, I was finishing some fur-

niture at home and happened to see photographs in House & Garden of painted finishes done by students at Isabel O'Neil's workshop. Mine looked awful by contrast, so I just went in cold turkey and signed up for classes. . . . Later, I began working at home; in the kitchen at first, but that didn't work out—I was always having to put everything away; and then, you might be working with a bowl of paint that looked exactly like chocolate sauce—a worktable is the only way. I've set up a drafting table in a dressing room and keep everything at the ready. . . . Since I paint things which usually are shown in rooms lit by lamps, daylight isn't necessary. I use two small high-intensity lamps. . . . Little 3-by-5-inch boxes that take about a month to do are the most fun. I order wooden ones from O. P. Craft, 425 Warren Street in Sandusky, Ohio, and finish them in malachite, lapis, faux bois, anything . . . and line them with beautiful papers from Sam Flax (551 Madison Avenue). . . . Designs and techniques are shown in Isabel O'Neil's book, The Art of the Painted Finish for Furniture and Decoration, and in a House & Garden manual. . . . It's not in the least expensive to get started and your ideas come from everywhere—a photograph in a magazine, the museum, a beautiful tortoise-shell box in a shop. . . ."

**WENDY McCRARY:** "At the moment, most of my big projects are in the future stage—I'm kept pretty busy going to school (I have about 60 credits (Continued)

**"Paint any kind of box, even a cookie tin, with a beautiful faux bois or stone finish...."**



**MARTI FROST**



*"Needlepoint belts that I designed  
and made were the answer when  
I needed presents. Now, artist  
friends give me their designs to  
needlepoint as presents.  
Della Rumsey designed the belt  
I'm working on in the Park..."*

WENDY McCRARY

# *they do it*

*"Knitting goes so quickly—I can do a sweater in two evenings, playing the design by ear...."*

JOAN MUSS

(Continued) to go for my degree in Political Science at the New School) and commuting on the Long Island Expressway to work in an art gallery in Locust Valley. . . . I'm at work on designing a modern copy of an antique bell pull for a decorator friend . . . a pillow in bargello, which goes so well in modern rooms, in really crashing colors . . . some covers in regular needlepoint for little antique footstools (I find the ones that need recaning in antique shops, and do needlepoint covers for them). . . . Most of my needlepoint is made to give away as presents, especially to friends who don't do it themselves. . . . I've never tackled anything really big, but I have been working on a design for a rug, which I'll get to someday; I'll do that in 10-mesh canvas. . . . My ambition is to work out in needlepoint some of the abstract photographs I've taken—reflections, leaves in a pool, that sort of thing. The colors and shapes are so beautiful, but it's hard to translate into needlepoint because there are no sharp edges to them. . . . I took lots of photographs a couple of years ago in Iran of the mosques. The domes are covered with brilliant turquoise tile mosaics—blue and bright yellow (my colors) and I want to make a bed cover using the designs . . . the only problem is finding a really good turquoise, and finding the time. . . . I always work under a lamp, but ideally I like to work out of doors in natural light . . . the colors are truest, and it's wonderful to be out in the air. . . ."

JOAN MUSS: "I've always loved to knit, since I was a little girl . . . I tried needlepoint, but got so bored with it—I've taken more things back to Alice Maynard half-finished to have them completed for me, and that

costs a fortune. . . . I hate anything you have to fiddle over, and knitting goes so quickly—I can finish a sweater in two evenings of television. . . . Last summer, I saw a hand-knit sweater in Irene Allen's Boutique and it inspired me to get back to my knitting . . . I go to Alice Maynard for good heavy wool—very thick and in beautiful colors—and I use big needles: that makes it go even faster . . . I play the design by ear, just shifting or adding blocks of color as I go along, however it strikes me. I keep dozens of colors at hand so that I have whatever I might want on the spur of the moment right there. . . . Knitting stops me from those unending packs of cigarettes during the cocktail hour . . . since last summer, I've done maybe half a dozen sweaters, including a couple to give away as presents."

LYNN KRAMER: "Weaving is something that you feel deep inside you . . . something you know instinctively is right for you, and you feel you must do . . . I feel it can be a lifetime work for me, and I came to the Fashion Institute of Technology to learn. . . . Of course, you can weave at home. There is a four-harness table loom to weave cloth fifteen inches wide at less than \$65; a four-harness floor loom to weave cloth thirty-six inches wide is \$175 (these and other LeClerc looms are available at School Products Co., 312 East 23rd Street in New York). . . . At first, all those strings look so confusing; but then you begin to master the techniques, and then design—original design comes through in the course, which takes two years. . . . Now, I'm working on an original rug design which might one day be reproduced on factory looms. . . ."



*"Weaving is something  
deep inside you...  
it's something you feel,  
and you must do...."*

LYNN KRAMER

# make yourself something special

**Special tricks re pants:**  
For a straight line, sew  
drapery weights in hem  
at the back of each leg.  
**For perfect fit, the  
secret is getting the  
crotch high and snug....**  
**Re jackets: No matter  
how good you are, let a  
tailor "set" sleeves and  
lapels—which in the  
case of satin, as here,  
means light steaming,  
no pressing. Also  
re satin: Use only the  
very thinnest needle.**



If you're good in pants, you'll be great in the grey knit jumpsuit, left: nothing more than one long, narrow line zipped up the front, zipped on the pockets—terrific (and if you could snuggle it under a creamy, silky, long-haired fur jacket—super terrific!). Jumpsuit: Vogue Pattern 8011. Fabric by Fair-Tex Mills, of Orlon and Dacron. At Altman's.

The jacket to give all your separates a new night life, right—or day life if that's your style: the most luxurious blazer of Chinese-red satin embroidered in yellow, emerald green, and violet. Put it over long skirts, over silk jersey jeans, over red suède pants, or the violet satin pants we show here. Jacket: Vogue Pattern 2598. Fabric of acetate, rayon, and cotton. At Sakowitz. Pants of rayon and acetate. About \$55. At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York; Sakowitz. Coiffures: Arthur of Kenneth. All accessory details, next to last page this issue. For pattern details, see page 106.

...a sensational every night—  
everything jacket...a really nifty  
everyday-everywhere jumpsuit





# THE ARCH ENEMY OF TEETH"

*... plaque, the invisible attacker of beauty... and how to control it*

What's the most villainous enemy of a woman's beauty?—a man's good looks? There are plenty of candidates. But high—if not highest—on the list must be this one: loss of teeth, and breakdown of

the bone and tissue structures that support them. No emollient cream applied on the outside can do much for a face that has lost its underlying support—its interior architecture. Loss of even a few key teeth, and erosion of the surrounding structure, can make the face—quite literally—fall; look haggard, ravaged, wan... years older. And artificial replacements, while they may stand in for the actual missing teeth, can seldom restore the original contours of the face.

Before age 35, the greatest cause of tooth loss is decay—i.e., cavities. After age 35, the chief culprit is periodontal disease—disease that attacks the tooth's supporting structure, the periodontium. . . . This is rather like a deep anchorage in which the tooth rides, root down like the keel of a ship. Surrounding it is the gingival tissue, or gum;

anchoring it in place is the periodontal membrane—a tough, fibrous network that holds the tooth firmly, but allows it to move slightly under the stress of chewing; encasing it, from the gumline down, is the alveolar bone, a socket in the jawbone. All are interconnected, interdependent. Disease in one part, if unchecked, is almost certain to affect all. . . .

67 million Americans suffer from periodontal disease in some form, according to a survey made by the U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Of the more than 20 million Americans who have lost—oh, ghastly thought—all their natural teeth, the vast majority did so because of periodontal destruction. . . . Intensive research on tooth decay and periodontal disease has been

carried on in recent years, spearheaded by the National Institute of Dental Research (an arm of the National Institutes of Health). And the clarion message the researchers have for us—now being echoed by dentists and periodontists all over the country—is this: In most cases, periodontal disease can be prevented. How? By the patient's own efforts—backed up by regular dental advice and supervision.

The name of the game, it appears, is plaque control. What is plaque? A concoction of bacteria normally found in the mouth, combined with protein from saliva and any odd bits of food that may be wandering about to form a gummy, adhesive

mass. It is colorless, transparent—invisible; a dangerous adversary that never shows itself. "Nice white teeth can be coated with plaque," said one dental hygienist. . . . "While the existence of plaque has long been known," says a report by the National Institute of Dental Research, "only recently has it been recognized as the arch enemy of the teeth."

Why is plaque so destructive? Because it's a bacterial colony that clings, limpet-like, to the surfaces of teeth—settling most stubbornly in the spaces between the teeth, and around the necks of teeth along the gumline. It's constantly renewing, replenishing itself; removed, it re-forms in 24 hours. It attracts bacteria that might be harmless if they were simply at large in the mouth, but can

be lethal when trapped and held against the surfaces of teeth. . . . Plaque combines mostly with sucrose—and to a lesser degree other sugars—to form irritating acids. These—and other (Continued on page 104)

**t**he way to look at night, *left*: It starts with a radiant smile... which may spring from the heart but comes to light at the mouth. For one aspect of its attractiveness, see above. For another, consider the dewy promises of Clinique, whose Peach Honey Re-Moisturizing Lipstick accounts for the pretty shimmer of this mouth. The surrounding glow of health is the doing of Everywhere Color, their new superstar makeup that works everywhere on the face—as everything: base, highlighter, contourer, eye shadow. Here, with the news of Transparent Eyeliner, sheer as silk and—like all things Clinique—hypoallergenic. . . . Fashion that's news at night: the separate jacket over everything. Chester Weinberg's is quilted Irish-green taffeta, zips, *left* and *right*, over his black matte jersey halter dress to the ankle. Jacket, Onondaga silk, about \$130; rayon dress, about \$225. Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's. Pendant: Alexis Kirk. Saks Fifth Avenue. Brentwood Dynel wig, arranged by Maury Hopson.

# Colette

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sidonie Gabrielle Colette, the extraordinary French writer, journalist, and one-time actress with her whir of hennaed hair and kohled eyes, began her first book in 1900 at the age of twenty-seven. Until her death in 1954, the stories, novels, and reminiscences seemed to ripple from her pen—including these three stories, unpublished before in this country, appearing this spring in a collection *The Other Woman* by Bobbs-Merrill. The very rare, perhaps unique self-portrait, opposite, is from a letter to Monsieur Nedellec in 1943, exhibited recently by The Arts Club of Chicago in their show "A Second Talent, an exhibition of drawings and paintings by writers."*

## The Hand

**H**e had fallen asleep on his young wife's shoulder, and she proudly supported the weight of his head, with its fair hair, sanguine-complexioned face and closed eyes. He had slipped his large arm beneath the slim adolescent back and his strong hand lay flat on the sheet, beside the young woman's right elbow. She smiled as she looked at the man's hand as it emerged there, quite alone and far away from its owner. Then she let her glance stray round the dimly lit bedroom. A conch-shaped lamp threw a subdued glow of periwinkle blue over the bed.

"Too happy to sleep," she thought.

Too excited also, and often surprised by her new state. For only two weeks she had taken part in the scandalous existence of a honeymoon couple, each of them relishing the pleasure of living with an unknown person they were in love with. To meet a good-looking fair-haired young man, recently widowed, good at tennis and sailing, and marry him a month later: her conjugal romance fell little short of abduction. Whenever she lay awake beside her husband, as tonight, she would still close her eyes for a long time, then open them, and relish with astonishment the blue of the brand-new curtains, replacing the apricot pink which had filtered with the morning light into the room where she had slept as a girl.

A shudder ran through the sleeping body lying beside her, and she tightened her left arm round her husband's neck with the delightful authority of weak creatures. He did not wake.

"What long eyelashes he has," she said to herself.

She silently praised also the full, graceful mouth, the brick-red skin and the forehead, neither noble nor lofty, but still free of wrinkles.

Her husband's right hand, beside her, also shuddered, and beneath the curve of her back she felt the right arm, on which her whole weight was resting, come to life.

"I'm heavy . . . I'd like to reach up and put the light out, but he's so fast asleep. . . ."

The arm tensed again, gently, and she arched her back to make herself lighter.

"It's as though I were lying on an animal," she thought.

She turned her head slightly on the pillow and looked at the hand lying beside her.

"How big it is! It's really bigger than my whole head!"

The light which crept from under the edge of a blue crystal shade fell onto this hand and showed up the slightest reliefs in the skin, exaggerated the powerful knotty knuckles and the veins which stood out because of the pressure on the arm. A few russet hairs, at the base of the fingers, all lay in the same direction, like ears of wheat in the wind, and the flat nails, whose ridges had not been smoothed out by the polisher, gleamed beneath their coat of pink varnish.

"I'll tell him not to put varnish on his nails," thought the young wife. "Varnish and carmine don't suit a hand so . . . a hand so . . ."

An electric shock ran through the hand and spared the young woman the trouble of thinking of an adjective. The thumb stiffened until it was horribly long and spatulate, and moved closer up against the index finger. In this way the hand suddenly acquired an ape-like appearance.

"Oh!" said the young woman quietly, as though faced with some minor indecency.

The horn of a passing car pierced the silence with a noise so shrill that it seemed luminous. The sleeper did not wake, but the hand seemed offended and reared up, tensing itself like a crab and waiting for the fray. The piercing sound receded and the hand, gradually relaxing, let fall its claws, became a soft animal, bent double and shaken with faint jerks which looked like a death agony. The flat, cruel nail on the over-long

# Three unpublished glimpses by an extraordinary woman into the nature of being alive

thumb glistened. In the little finger there appeared a slight deviation which the young woman had never noticed, and the sprawling hand revealed its fleshy palm like a red belly.

"And I've kissed that hand! . . . How horrible! I can't ever have looked at it!"

The hand was disturbed by some bad dream, and seemed to respond to this sudden reaction, this disgust. It regrouped its forces, opened out wide, spread out its tendons, its nerves and its hairiness like a panoply of war. Then it slowly withdrew, grasped a piece of sheeting, dug down with its curving fingers and squeezed and squeezed with the methodical pleasure of a strangler. . . .

"Oh!" cried the young woman.

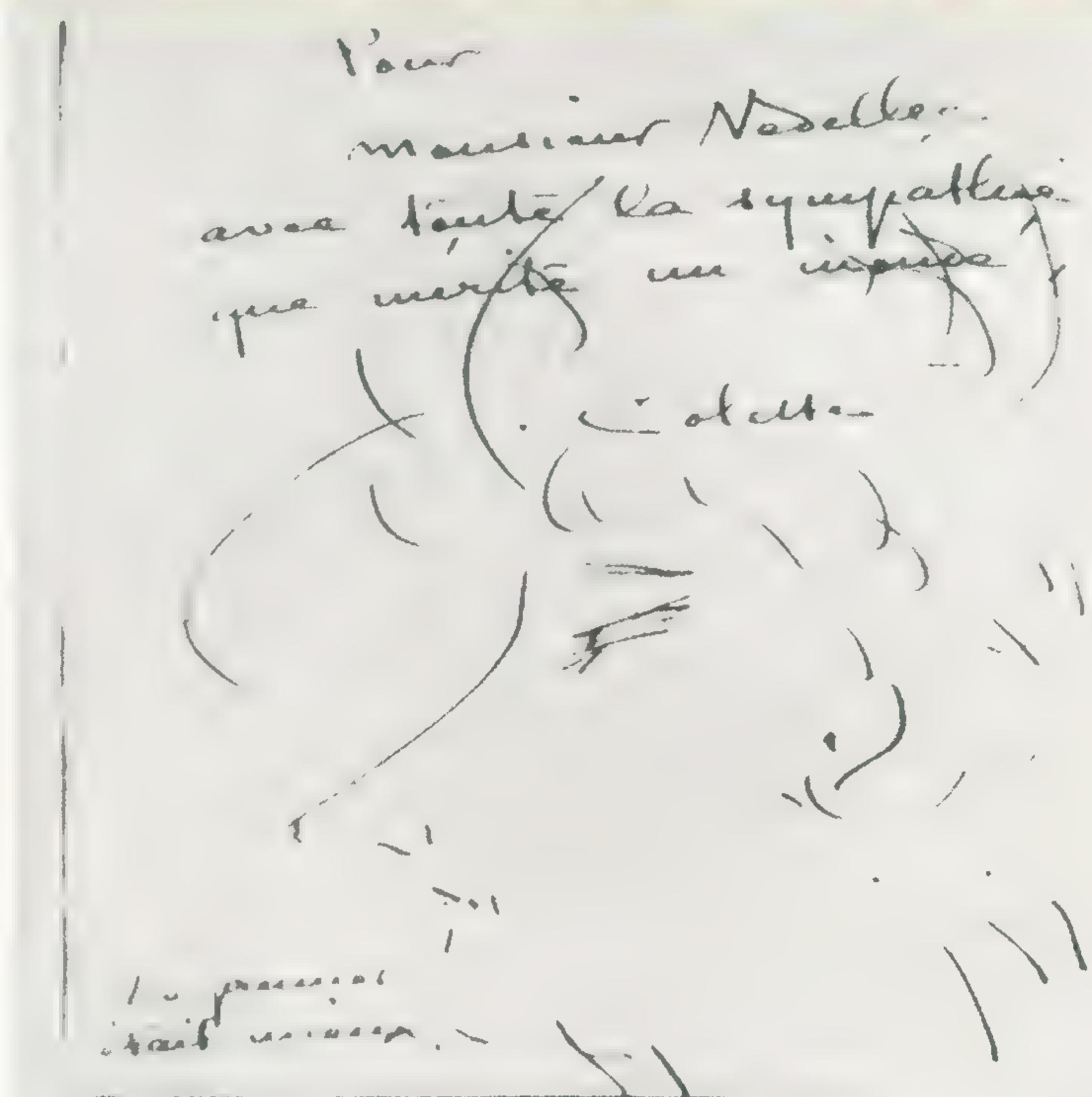
The hand disappeared, the large arm was freed of its burden and in one moment became a protective girdle, a warm bulwark against the terrors of night. But next morning when the tray with frothing chocolate and toast was on the bed, she saw the hand again, russet and red, and the ghastly thumb crooked over the handle of a knife.

"Do you want this piece of toast, darling? I'm doing it for you."

She shuddered and felt gooseflesh high up on her arms and down her back.

"Oh, no . . . no . . ."

Then she concealed her fear, controlled herself bravely and, begin-



Colette by Colette

ning her life of duplicity, resignation, base and subtle diplomacy, she leant over and humbly kissed the monstrous hand.

## "Châ"

**H**is wife placed her hand on his shoulder as she went by: "Are you glad you're going to see the little dolls dance?" He didn't much care for this trite way of describing the Cambodian dancers, but he nodded assent and admired his wife as she moved away. She was wearing a silver dress, with sulphur-colored roses at her waist, and carrying a large fan of sulphur-colored feathers, while her hair, skillfully bleached to a very pale gold, looked like a head-dress bought at the same time as the roses and the fan. She was tall, and impressed others through the somewhat rudimentary beauty of her features and her virile blue eyes, which were accustomed to judging everything from above.

"The beautiful Madame Issard is superb this evening," said a man's voice from behind a white silk curtain painted with beige bamboo.

"Combat dress," replied another voice. "It's this evening that she hopes to arrange with the Marshal that her husband can have the mission."

"It's hardly right for Issard, that mission. He's a man of letters . . . subtle and stay-at-home. . . ."

"But it's right for Madame Issard. In four months she'll carry off the

rosette for Issard and perhaps the ribbon for herself. Did you hear her at table? It was magnificent. What diplomacy! And at the same time it's irreproachable. . . . I don't feel sorry for Issard."

André Issard left the bamboo-painted curtain. Not that he was afraid of hearing anything about his wife that might have made him angry. But he felt the need to have a short rest from the long admiration shown to his wife during dinner. Moreover the Cambodian girls were preceded by their kettledrums, each one emitting on its own the liquid note which can be heard in the throats of toads: the girls were beginning their dance on a platform in front of Pierre Guesde's fifty guests, who were scattered throughout the hall. Issard, with a blasé expression behind his monocle, took great pleasure in seeing them. His ideas of exoticism did not go beyond Algiers, and he had only seen Ith, Sarrouth, Trassoth and their companions in *L'Illustration*. He found them pretty, while regretting that their round cheeks were painted with white lead. He disapproved of the fashion, originating in Siam, which endowed them with a hairstyle like that of small boys. But even if they had heads like boys, most of them had necks like the shafts of columns, without creases or blemishes, and

their skin was smooth, taut, the color of fine stoneware, sometimes the color of little plums, ravishing to look at. André Issard sought for words which were not too overworked to describe these inscrutable children's faces which had been carved entirely on the surface—eyes slit with light-weight scissors, the nose barely emerging from the cheek, the mouth whose short little lips revealed the soft red interior. . . . With the obstinacy of an artistic scribbler he wondered how he would paint the curve of Sarrouth's hands, and the fingers bent back to prolong a palm that curved inwards. . . . “A leaf burnt up by autumn? No. . . . Rather the twisting of a fish when it's out of the water. . . . Or else. . . . Yes, that's it: it's the heraldic curl in the tongue of a breathless dog. . . .”

Then the music and the magic of the movements acted together and André Issard hardly thought of anything else. “They're pretty. . . . They're new. . . . They're. . . . They're feminine, very feminine. . . .”

He looked up and caught sight of his wife in a deep alcove; she was not watching the dancing but talking to the governor of a large colony. She spoke, listened, spoke again and seemed to use as much energy in listening as in speaking. Her brows met heavily over her blue eyes, their gaze contemplating a glorious and austere future.

“She looks like a man,” André Issard said to himself. “Why hadn't I noticed it before?”

**A**t the same moment the beautiful Madame Issard rested her chin on her hands and faced everyone present, her attention apparently acquiring powerful supporters in one place after another. Then she went on with the conversation, very quietly, and André Issard noticed how she moved her chin up and down like a democratic leader, how her clenched fist tapped out the rhythm of her sentence.

“She's a man,” Issard repeated to himself. “I wondered what I had against her, unfairly. . . . The fact is that my wife's a man . . . and what a man! . . . I've only got what I deserve; I should have realized it sooner!”

The dance was coming to an end. In a fatalistic way he moved towards the platform where the little dancers had scattered and were undergoing at close quarters the wounding curiosity of the Europeans. He listened to Pierre Guesde talking in Cambodian with Soun, a singer from the choir, who wasn't made up but scintillated with black eyeballs and white teeth;

he allowed himself to be introduced to Ith, who was dressed as a Burmese prince, Ith with the innocent face made famous through a hundred photographs; he touched Sarrouth's hands, melting, moving hands. . . . While Sarrouth listened to Pierre Guesde, André Issard held them in his own, those hands as passive and cool as leaves covered with flesh. She replied with a brief murmur, a little deferential greeting, a childish laugh, and above all with a monosyllable, “*Châ . . . Châ . . .*”

“*Tia. . . .*” repeated Issard, imitating Sarrouth's liquid pronunciation. “What does that mean?”

“That means,” explained Pierre Guesde, “very-respectfully-yes.”

The dancers were leaving, and Issard motioned to his wife, “Are we going home?” She replied in the same way with a furious and barely visible “No.” Ten minutes later he noticed, close to him, her scent and the scale-like swish of her dress.

“The Marshal's leaving,” she said to him.

He leapt up.

“I'll dash over! . . .”

“No,” she said. “Leave it. I've arranged a personal interview for you tomorrow.”

“The least I can do is to. . . .”

“No,” she said. “Leave it, I tell you. You can take it from me. Everything's all right. I've sown a seed, and sown it well.”

She shone with a mineral-like glow, and took him towards the exit. In the car she called out to the chauffeur, “Go back past the Prado!” and placed her arm under her husband's, with a kind of condescending cordiality, the good humor of a despotic woman. The full moon covered her pale hair with powdery silver, and the great sulphur-yellow feathers in her fan rolled like waves in the wind. But André Issard did not see her. He was humming a little song imitating Asiatic music, and stopped in order to murmur under his breath:

“*Châ . . . Châ . . .*”

“What did you say, André dear?”

He smiled at his wife, with the look of a disloyal slave:

“Oh, nothing. . . . It's a Cambodian word, more or less untranslatable. . . . A word that has no meaning here. . . .”

## The Fox

**T**he man who takes his fox for a walk in the Bois de Boulogne is certainly a fine fellow. He thinks he's giving pleasure to the little fox, who was probably his companion in the trenches, tamed to the terrible sound of bombardments. The man with the fox, followed by his captive like a dog on a chain, is unaware that out in the open, in surroundings which might remind him of his native forest, the fox is no more than a stray spirit full of despair, an animal blinded by the light he had forgotten, intoxicated by scents, ready to rush forward, to attack

or flee—but an animal with a collar round his neck. Apart from these details, the good little tame fox loves his master and follows him with his belly close to the ground and his fine tail, the color of slightly burnt toast, hanging down low. He laughs readily—a fox is always laughing. He has beautiful velvet eyes—like all foxes—and I can find nothing more to say about him.

The other fine fellow, the man with the hens, would emerge about half past eleven from the Auteuil *Métro*. He carried over his shoulder

# things unknown to your close friends”

a bag of dark fabric, rather like the bag of crusts that tramps carry, and at a brisk pace he would reach the tranquil glades of Auteuil. The first time I saw him he had placed his mysterious bag on a bench and waited for me to go away with my dogs. I reassured him and he carefully shook his bag from which there fell a cock and a hen, both with gleaming red crests and autumn-colored plumage; without wasting a moment they pecked and scraped at the cool moss and the forest humus. I asked no unnecessary questions and the hen-man gave me a brief explanation:

“I bring them out at midday whenever I can. It’s only fair, isn’t it . . . when birds live in an apartment. . . .”

I replied with a compliment on the beauty of the handsome cock and the liveliness of the hen; I added that I was also acquainted with the little girl who brought her big tortoise to “play” in the afternoons, and the fox-man. . . .

“He’s no acquaintance for me,” said the hen-man. . . .

But chance was to bring together the owner of the fox and the owner of the hens, along one of those paths sought out by solitary-minded people guided by their fear of keepers and the fancy of a dog, a fox or a hen. At first the fox-man did not show himself. He sat in the thicket, holding his fox in paternal fashion round the middle of his serpentine body, and was touched when he found him rigid with attention. The fox’s nervous laugh bared his sharp canine teeth, slightly yellow from idleness and soft food, while his white whiskers, which lay quite flat against his cheeks, looked as though they had been touched up with cosmetics.

A few yards away the cock and the hen, satiated with grain, were taking their sand bath in the sunshine. The cock passed his iron beak over the feathers in his wings and the hen, puffed out in the shape of an egg, her feet invisible and her crop extended, was covering herself in dust as yellow as pollen. A faint discordant cry uttered by the cock awoke her. She preened herself and then walked unsteadily over to her husband.

“What did you say?” she asked.

He must have made a sign to her for she didn’t argue and stood by him, as close to the bag as possible—the bag, the prison without a trap. . . .

However, the hen-man, who was astonished by this behavior, reassured his birds by uttering “Dearrs, dearrs!” and familiar onomatopoeic sounds.

A few days later the fox-man, who thought he was doing the right thing in offering this tantalizing pleasure to his little wild animal, decided it would be fair to reveal the presence of himself and his fox.

“Oh, they’re peculiar animals,” said the hen-man.

“And intelligent,” said the fox-man, going further. “And they don’t mean any harm. If you gave him your hen, he wouldn’t know what to do with her.”

But the little fox shuddered, with an imperceptible and passionate shudder, under his fur, while the cock and the hen, who were reassured by the sound of friendly voices—and they were also stupid—pecked and clucked beneath the fox’s velvet eye.

The two animal-lovers became friendly, as people become friendly. From *The Other Woman* by Colette. Copyright © 1972 by Bobbs-Merrill Inc. Reprinted by permission of publisher, Bobbs-Merrill Inc. English translation copyright © 1970 by Peter Owen Ltd.

in the Bois or at a spa. You meet, you chat, you tell your favorite story, you tell the person you don’t know two or three confidential things unknown to your close friends—and then you separate by the No. 16 tram stop—without giving either the name of the street where you live, or the number of the house.

A little fox, even when he’s deprived, could not be close to hens without experiencing grave disorders. He grew thin, and dreamt aloud all night, in his yelping language. And his master, as he watched the fox’s delicate and feverish muzzle turn away from his saucer of milk, saw coming towards him, from the depths of a green thicket in Auteuil, a wicked thought, barely distinct, with a moving shape that was faint but already ugly. . . . That day he chatted in a good friendly way with his friend the hen-man and absent-mindedly slackened the fox’s chain a little, the fox took a step—should I call it a step, the gliding that neither revealed the tip of his toes nor crushed a single blade of grass?—towards the hen.

“Hey there!” exclaimed the hen-man.

“Oh!” said the fox-man, “he wouldn’t touch it.”

“I know that,” said the hen-man.

The fox said nothing. He was pulled back and sat down sensibly while his glittering eyes expressed no thought.

The next day the two friends exchanged their views about line-fishing.

“If it was cheaper,” said the hen-man, “I’d take a license for the Upper Lake. But it’s expensive. It makes roach more expensive than at the central market.”

“But it’s worth it,” the fox-man replied. “A chap by the little lake caught so much the other day! Twenty-eight roach and a bream bigger than my hand.”

“Fancy that!”

“And then, without blowing my own trumpet, I’m not useless either. You should see me throw a line. . . . I know how to flick my wrist, you know. . . . Like this. . . .”

He stood up, let go the fox’s chain and whirled his arm in masterly fashion. A frenzied, russet object streaked through the grass in the direction of the yellow hen, but the hen-man quickly shot out his leg to stop him and there was only a muffled little bark. The fox went back to his master’s feet and lay down.

“That was a near thing . . .” said the hen-man.

“I’m really very surprised,” said the fox-man. “Will you say sorry to the gentleman, at once boy? What are you up to, then . . . ?”

The hen-man looked his friend in the eyes and there he read his secret, his unformed, pale and wicked thought. . . . He coughed, feeling choked with angry blood coming suddenly into his throat, and almost flew at the fox-man, who said to himself at the same moment, “The devil take him, him and his backyard. . . .” They both made the same effort to return to ordinary life, lowered their heads and moved away from each other, forever, in the cautious fashion of honest folk who had just been within an inch of committing murder. ▼

TRANSLATED BY MARGARET CROSLAND



# Carmencita —olé!

Glowing golden with the bloom, the seductive roundness of a peach—Carmencita Martínez-Bordiú, the twenty-year-old daughter of the Marqués and Marquesa de Villaverde, granddaughter of Generalissimo Franco, was the *raison d'être* for a memorable, romantically attractive evening in New York....

*Left*, photographed in Spain, Carmencita looks what she is—one of the great horsewomen of Spain.... *Right*, at the party given in her honor, Carmencita radiant in her Oscar de la Renta black taffeta ruffles. The evening, planned by and given by the Marquesa de Cuevas and her nephew Raymundo de Larrain (right, receiving with Carmencita), was one of those evenings. Whatever it *was* that did it—the electric combination of people, the especially beautiful way the women looked, the soft, seductive surefire flattery of amber-pink candlelight, the perfectly planned matching mood of the details—flowers, decor, menu, music—this evening took off with a spark, burst into brilliance, and crackled to 4:00 in the morning. Everyone who was there—young, not so, famous, tycoon, or just beautiful or attractive—felt they had shared in a warm, intimate few hours of pure pleasure....



## OBSERVATIONS:

"It was an unforgettable evening...the girls looked so beautiful...."



3

## Olé! to Carmencita

At the party honoring Carmencita Martinez-Bordiu...1. Mrs. Richard Pistell in emerald-y lamé; her daughter, Andrea Portago, in ruffled shocking pink, both by Dior....2. The Marqués de Villa-verde with one of the great beauties of the evening, Mrs. Henry Ford, II....3. Miss Doris Duke in crimson chiffon threaded with gold, designed by Thea Porter....4. Senator and Mrs. Jacob K. Javits, Mrs. Javits in crusty-beige-y-brown lace with shots of silver and gold thread, also by Thea Porter....5. Mrs. Elizabeth de Cuevas in a spectacular black crêpe by Mme. Grès....6. Mrs. Mary McFadden, also dressed by Mme. Grès, in lacquer-red silk with an antique Egyptian necklace of beaten gold, earrings from the Sudan....7. Mrs. Aristotle Onassis in Valentino's black chiffon, looking especially, powerfully beautiful this evening....8. Mrs. Winston F. C. Guest, left, with Carmencita Martinez-Bordiu—about whom one friend says, "She is the very best. She projects as no one her age—she is so alive, so human, intelligent...." 9. Mr. Aristotle Onassis....



6 7

8 9

# SHOULD YOU SLEEP

## *the raging controversy in American psychiatry*

In these days of group sex, solo sex, sex trades, and candor concerning homosexual *divertissements*, is anybody shocked when a psychiatrist and a patient are having sex together? Is anybody shockable?

A great many psychiatrists are. One clinical psychologist innocently suggested, at his state association meeting, that doctor-patient sex relations ought to be researched and discussed in the scholarly councils of psychology, "just like any other phenomenon." What happened? Some of the members circulated a petition to expel the doctor from the association.

Psychotherapy's refusal to recognize any sexual intimacy existing between patients and their therapists is being challenged by a thirty-seven-year-old, irreverent, professionally impeccable psychoanalyst, Dr. Martin Shepard, whose book *The Love Treatment* tells the stories of eleven men and women who have had sexual relations with their therapists. Effects have not been altogether bad, some said.

The blanket of silence by psychiatrists doesn't completely conceal the subject. "The doctor-patient sex episodes that do come to the light," said Dr. Shepard, "are generally the ones that have gone bust. Somebody blows the whistle. Or the patient, feeling wronged, goes off to a new therapist and tells all."

But what about doctor-patient affairs that turn out well? These do not necessarily lead to marriage but perhaps even better, to eventual parting, leaving the patient strengthened, poised and serene, more fully alive, and functioning well.

In the official view of the psychotherapeutic Establishment, sexual activity with patients, when it does happen, represents a collapse in professional conduct by the therapist. Either he (it usually is a he) is greedy and opportunistic in taking sexual advantage of a helpless patient or he is weakly vulnerable to the patient's sexual demands.

When Martin Shepard was a psychiatric resident a few years ago, he had a patient—a pretty, teen-aged, suicidal girl. She was a practicing lesbian and she didn't want to be one. She wanted to know she could have a successful relation with a man. But when men made passes at her, she was

paralyzed with fear. Dr. Shepard understood her need. It would be easy to do for her what her dates wouldn't, "clearly the most therapeutic thing I could do." He did nothing of the sort. It would be unprofessional. Today he regrets the rescue opportunity he failed to take. "I would hope that my concern with my reputation does not interfere with my therapeutic effectiveness again," he said.

Dr. Shepard wants other psychiatrists at least to consider the possibilities and the pitfalls of direct, therapeutic sexual contact between therapist and patient. Sex for kicks, or just plain seduction in either direction, is not sex therapy, he believes. Sex becomes therapy only when the psychiatrist, or other counselor, makes the decision based on professional judgment to apply the whole-body approach in relieving the patient's sexual hang-up. After all, we've had generations of Freud's "transference" technique in which the patient falls in love with the therapist. The doctor must then carefully extricate himself, paring away the patient's fantasies without disturbing the fragile psychic structure that lies beneath.

If a therapist relates to a patient with his words and his presence, why not with his body, too? And if he establishes contact by taking the patient's hand in his own (or puts a therapeutic arm around the shoulders), where does he draw the line?

Dr. William H. Masters and his wife, Virginia Johnson Masters, probably the world's best-known sex-therapy team, are firmly opposed to patient and therapist bedding together. "Tragic therapeutic malpractice," they have called it, and therapeutic failure is its usual result.

No wonder. A tremendous number of patients who have come to the Masters and Johnson clinic in St. Louis for treatment of sexual disorders have reported sexual relations with their psychotherapists that were disastrous enough to land the patients in the clinic.

The Masters-Johnson approach, for those who haven't heard, is based on couples only. Thus, married pairs or couples who have an established relationship enter the course to learn or relearn how to make sex a mutual satisfaction. They are counseled and directed by a therapy team, a man and a woman who reinforce their masculine and feminine

psyches. The transference phenomenon just doesn't happen. Instead, the therapy team persuasively guides the attentions of the pair solely towards one another to avoid the bog of transference.

During an eleven-year period of clinical research, Masters and Johnson accepted as patients a number of single men who wanted their sexual disorders cured *before* forming permanent attachments with women. For these patients, Masters and Johnson arranged women volunteers who became "partner surrogates" during the two-week-therapy sessions—not whores but carefully chosen, perceptive women who could give emotional support to a tense, scared, perhaps severely impotent man. One of them, mentioned in the Masters-Johnson book *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, was a woman physician.

"It's really the same thing as direct sexual therapy," said Dr. Shepard. "The woman physician, for example, could very well take charge of the patient herself, doing the counseling as well as the bed therapy."

"No, it is not the same thing as direct sexual therapy," Masters and Johnson said. "The therapist (or, in our practice, the therapy team) does not, in any sense, go to bed with patients. Nor does the partner-surrogate practice therapy. Quite the contrary. The partner is a supportive, understanding person who takes the place of one half of a couple."

Other highly regarded behavioral scientists oppose the therapy-by-intimacy concept for varying reasons, personal morals aside. For example, if a patient is having a sexual relationship with a therapist, could she (or he) freely discuss with the therapist all other sex experiences, past and present? Pretty unlikely. With carnal knowledge of one's counselor, a whole new area of verbal inhibition, even tactfulness, may be created.

Another major objection is that therapists may "tend to lose their objectivity," Dr. Shepard said, when they become sexually involved with their patients. "It's damn hard to be in bed and be objective at the same time," said Dr. Masters. "Very few people can do this with any success."

Then there is the psychosexual health of the therapist, which the patient would have to take for granted. As things stand today, this is a risky busi-

BY MELVA WEBER

# WITH YOUR THERAPIST?

ness, either in gaining understanding help or in avoiding damage. One woman told Dr. Shepard about her psychoanalyst who said, "Consider me your teacher," and turned out to be an impotent sadomasochist.

Such episodes help to reinforce the position of clinicians who maintain that sex with patients represents misconduct by therapists. "Professional integrity in these instances is rare," Dr. Masters said. "Of all the therapists, physicians, theologians, and behaviorists who are sleeping with patients every day, certainly not more than 5 percent have a great deal of integrity involved."

Dr. Shepard believes the integrity index may be higher and the disaster rate lower than Dr. Masters thinks. In eleven depth interviews with patients who had sex with their therapists, six patients concluded that their affairs had helped them, three patients were definitely worse off than before, and two of the affairs were merely diversionary wastes of time. The therapists in these cases were not necessarily engaged in conscious therapeutic activity. Most often they simply bedded because they wanted to or were wanted.

What are the possibilities for sex therapy through direct, deliberate sexual contact between patient and therapist? "For me, psychotherapy is an educative process," said Dr. Shepard. "It can help people become aware of their own feelings and it can teach them about how they and other people interact. No more, no less."

"Sex is susceptible to improvement through teaching. The homosexual can be taught that relating to a woman will not destroy him; the frigid woman can be taught to face her unreal fears of male penetration; the lesbian can be taught what it is like to experience a man's affection. And much of this teaching can be done through intimacy, handled by the therapist with tact, judgment, sensitivity, and understanding of the goals."

Dr. Shepard's ground rules for the therapist are these:

1. *He must not "need" his patient either sexually or emotionally.* The best protection here is a satisfying sex-love life of his own. Preferably with someone whose faith passeth all understanding.

2. *He must be able to discuss the intimacy with*

*the patient.* Exhaustive discussion is essential for understanding of progress. Unspoken thoughts and feelings spell potential disaster.

3. *He must not undertake intimacy therapy where it would allow the patient to repeat a bad pattern.* Acting out an old, bad scene, for instance, with a patient who sleeps around but hates herself for it, won't help the patient. Sexual intimacy seems to work best where it provides an opportunity to act out a new, wished-for relationship previously feared.

4. *He must be available, but never insistent.* The therapist is there to absorb, observe, and understand the patient's flow of feelings. He is not to impose upon his patient.

There are guidelines for the patient, too:

1. *Consider yourself a client or student, not a patient.* In other words, you must not regard yourself as sick and therefore helpless and dependent. This means that you, too, must assume responsibility for the liaison with your therapist. Blind faith in a therapist is as unrealistic as blind faith in one's parents.

2. *Watch out for any therapist who becomes possessive.* Any signals that one is being held onto should call for a thorough talking-out. The goal is to find freedom, not another master.

3. *Be responsible for promptly bringing up every reaction, secret wish, doubt, and feeling related to the therapist.* No need to protect the therapist's ego; the goal is to develop one's own. If the therapist is guiding well, these thoughts and feelings will be thoroughly probed before the intimacy begins.

4. *If more suffering occurs during intimacy than before, break off the relationship.* The object is to relieve turmoil, not to increase it.

Is it a good thing then, sexual contact between patients and their therapists? "I'm not saying it's a good thing," said Dr. Shepard. "I'm not saying it's a bad thing either. But I am saying that it has happened, is happening, and will surely continue to happen. And I want responsible medical and social scientists to explore and to see what values can be found there. Then we would have made a start toward honesty and wisdom." ▼

## two cases

### FOR BETTER

I am thirty-nine. I have two children, a boy fourteen and girl ten. I have been married twenty years. Although my husband is forty-five, I think of him as being much older, a memorial perhaps to my father who died when I was five.

I have been seeing my doctor twice a week for almost eight years now. I went to him at first with a great feeling of helplessness that came over me after my daughter's birth. Slowly, the doctor, ten years older than my husband, restored my confidence; and it seemed natural to hug and touch him and finally to sleep with him. I love my husband very much, but I am haunted by a feeling that he would never accept the torrents of affection that well up in me. I don't make love with the doctor every session, but I feel it is a necessity for my inner well-being. The months of July and August that I spend with my family in Maine and in the South of France are agony. My relationship with my doctor may seem strange, but it has brought me deeper peace than I have ever known.

### FOR WORSE

I am thirty-one. Eight years ago, I was married for a month to a man I had known only briefly, a man I soon discovered was stealing my jewelry and hocking it. Although I was pregnant, I divorced him.

About four years ago, I began dating a man who said he did not want to get married. We broke off, and my son began having trouble in school—so I began to see a doctor my sister recommended. I saw him once a week at forty-five dollars a session. I was amused and flattered the first time we slept together, but after a few months I asked to see him outside the office and he refused. "This is your therapy," he said. Later, he told me he was married. I told him I was ending the therapy and I broke the next appointment. Three weeks later, I learned that he had committed suicide. Soon, a friend of his, another psychiatrist, also married, called, asking to see me. I was very frightened and disillusioned, afraid to try therapy of any sort again.



sweater-and-jumper dress

*Left:* By Francesca for Damon, of wool, silk, and cotton. About \$95. At Elizabeth Arden Salon; Higbee's; Gidding-Jenny; Jacobson's, Michigan.  
*Right:* By Halston International, of wool and acrylic. Dress, about \$50. Cardigan, about \$28. End of January at Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. Alan Lewis coiffures. Accessory details, next to the last page.

# Sweaterdressing— this is the life

Dress, suit, pants, coat—by any name, the whole world wants to be in sweaters all the time. It's the modern way to put yourself together—simple, sharp, easy. Here, for a start, 14 new looks (and only for a start—in the separates life, good looks multiply like rabbits).... Less time, less effort: the sweater-and-jumper dress, left, an easy, belted heathery-blue knit with small cap sleeves, blue-and-white turtleneck stripes underneath—all the snappy good looks you want from separates with none of the putting together—that's been done for you. Two easy sweaters, right: sleeveless knit turtleneck dress in bright green and a burnt-orange cardigan with sleeves pushed up. Belted together here, but not forever—you can get a lot of extra drive out of them in separate ways, too.

two easy  
sweaters



# sweaterdressing by sweater—the life with Pants

Bare black halter, left—the perfect little sweater for day, for evening, for skirts of every length, pants of every description. With white knit pants, here, and a black cardigan (in hand) when you want a little more cover.

In the news of dolman sleeves, opposite, the dolman-sleeved sweater—a new proportion, a softer, more fluid line with pants and skirts....White with a turtleneck, *right*, belted over grey flannel pants....

Black with a low  
V neck, *far right*,  
buttoned to the  
waist over white  
chino sailor  
pants.

Left: Jaeger turnout. Acrylic halter, about \$14; Wool double-knit pants, about \$40. At Jaeger International Shop; Gidding-Jenny; Neusteters; I. Magnin....Right: Turnout by Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport. Sweater, of rayon, about \$30. Wool pants (Amity Fabrics), about \$48. At Henri Bendel; Sakowitz....*Far right*: Wool sweater by Jap for Mallory. About \$28. Available February at Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Burdine's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Pants by Willi Smith for Digits, of Kodel and rayon. About \$24. At Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Coiffures by François of Kenneth. Accessories, next to the last page.

black halter



dolman-sleeved  
turtleneck...  
dolman-  
sleeved V neck



sweaterdressing—  
some like it **S**hort

up, dressed,  
into the world

black with a  
spin on it

If short is what you love: good news here... and in the wind.... Up, dressed, and into the world, far left—that's how it goes when you've got this little black body suit working for you. And something quick to pop on over it—like a black-and-white slit knit with dragons flashing around—or anything else that pops into your head in the way of skirts or pants. Basic black—with a spin on it, left: full-skirted, short-skirted, bare-necked—the only thing it has in common with any sweater dress you've been in before is buttons up the front, like a cardigan. And all that lovely ease. For small-boned, long-legged, trendy types —a killer, right: a black

wool jersey sweaterdress with yellow blanket stitching and a little pantie under the tiny skirt... not much of it, but what there is is sensational. Also washable (speaking of things trendy and wool jersey).

for  
trendy types

Far left: Knit body suit, Nomelle yarn of Orlon, about \$25; skirt, of Wintuk Orlon and Antron nylon, about \$30. By Sant' Angelo Knits for Great Times. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin.... Center: Woolmark dress by Kloss • Pruzan of wool knit (fabric by European Textile Trading); about \$145. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz.... Left: Woolmark dress by 499 Division of Kloss • Pruzan, of Fablon jersey; about \$48. Henri Bendel; Kaufmann's; J. W. Robinson. Hair, François of Kenneth. All accessories, next to last page.

sweater-  
dressing  
by layers



Far left: Blassport turnout. Vest, about \$24. Pullover, about \$30 (knitted in America). Wool pants (Stevens Andover fabric), loomed in America, about \$40. Shirt, about \$34. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; B. Forman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; J. P. Allen; O'Neil's. François of Kenneth coif. ...Center: Shirtdress by Carlye, of polyester (with a white patent belt, not shown). About \$110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's. Alan Lewis coif....Far right: Cardigan and skirt, Traina Boutique designed by Kay Unger; Courteille acrylic (Exquisite Knits fabric). About \$110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Swanson's; Sakowitz. François of Kenneth coif. All accessory information, next to last page this issue.

...by dress

the  
sweaterdressing  
life—a **M**  
of patterns

Sweaterdressing by layers,  
far left: sleeveless wool plaid  
vest buttoned over a matching  
pull and striped cotton  
shirt, all in navy, Bur-  
gundy, and white with  
navy flannel pants—  
put together this way  
for the kind of cold

weather most of us are still  
having now; when and where  
it's warmer, peel off layers;  
if colder, add a turtleneck  
dickey. Very sharp any way  
you do it. Sweaterdressing

by dress, center: if you like the look of  
shirts and skirts, but what you're *really*  
after is a dress—this is for you. Pleated  
crêpe shirtdress in mixed patterns of navy,  
red, and white with its own ribbed navy  
pull. Sweaterdressing by suit, right:

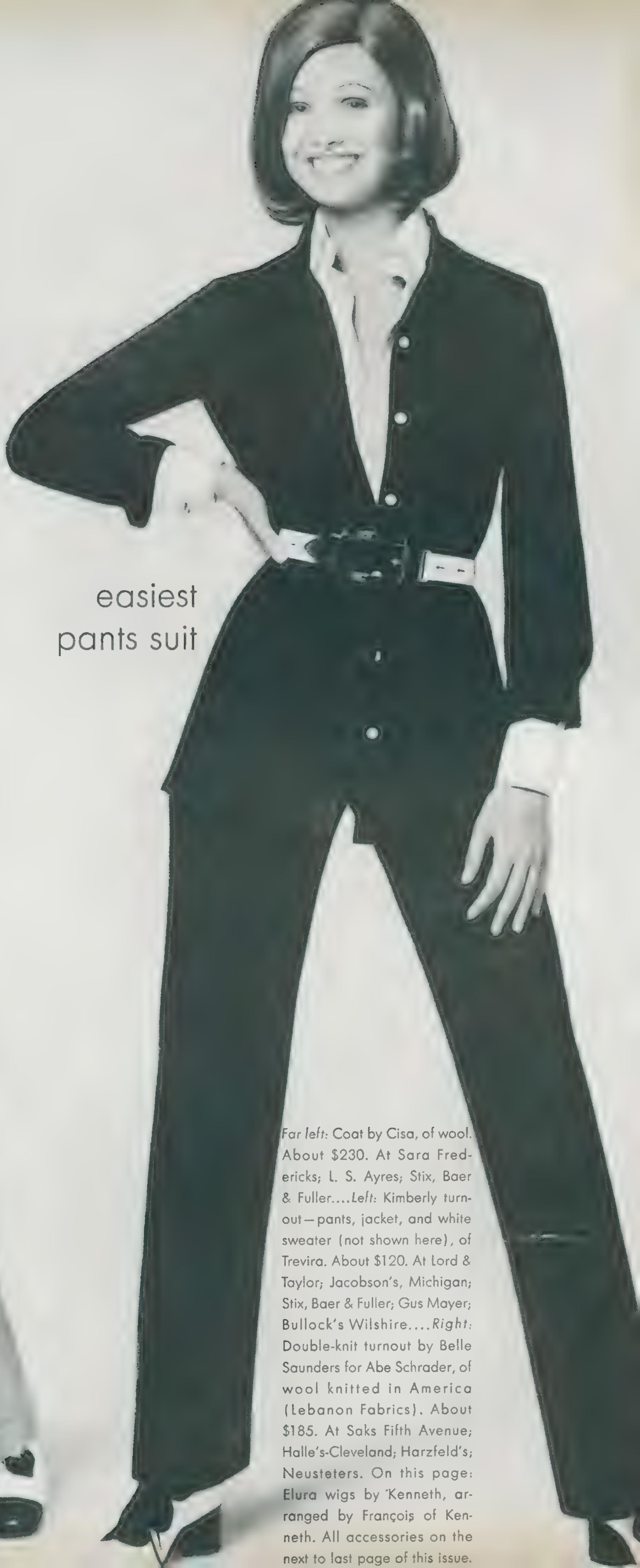
...by suit

easy, belted cardigan  
and biasy skirt in navy-  
and-white knitted stripes  
with bright red bands.  
Here, with a black silk shirt  
underneath. Tomorrow, red;  
another day, a sweater—any-  
thing you can do with separates,  
you can do with this.





sweater coat



easiest  
pants suit

Far left: Coat by Cisa, of wool. About \$230. At Sara Fredericks; L. S. Ayres; Stix, Baer & Fuller....Left: Kimberly turnout—pants, jacket, and white sweater (not shown here), of Trevira. About \$120. At Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Gus Mayer; Bullock's Wilshire....Right: Double-knit turnout by Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader, of wool knitted in America (Lebanon Fabrics). About \$185. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Harzfeld's; Neusteters. On this page: Elura wigs by Kenneth, arranged by François of Kenneth. All accessories on the next to last page of this issue.

# sweaterdressing— the life in **N**avy

The sweater coat, far left: a narrow navy knit with lots of little pockets and shiny gold buttons—as comfortable on as any of your separates and just what you'll want to wear over all of them. Here, with a white ribbed turtleneck, navy-and-white Glen plaid pants. The easiest pants suit, left: navy knit with a sharp shirley jacket to belt over any shirt or sweater you own—especially white, as here. Or leave it unbelted, just hanging loose. The most turned-out look, right: navy knit coat lined in navy, red, and white checks, and a short-sleeved navy knit dress, here with a white silk shirt underneath—as dressed as you can be for day this spring. And as easy as being in a sweater and skirt.



# BOY OR GIRL BABY?

## how to plan the sex of your child

BY DAVID MOREAU

**You can increase by  
60% your chances of  
having a boy.**

**The father alone determines the sex  
of the child, the ovum is sexless.**

**Sodium bicarbonate seemed to work  
for those who wanted boys, but no  
one would try the tests for girls.**

**In harems, frequency of  
lovemaking produces  
abnormally large numbers  
of female children.**

Since, in many parts of the world, during the three-quarters of a million years of man's existence, the birth of a female has been bad news for the parents, an enormous amount of folklore has built up about how to increase the chance of conceiving males. Basing their theories on the divided uterus of the pig (for thousands of years, human anatomy was difficult to study on actual cadavers for religious and magical reasons), the Greeks Anaxagoras and Parmenides of Elea, in the fifth century B.C., recommended that a woman should lie on her right side during intercourse to encourage the semen to flow into the side of the womb most likely to produce male children. Because most people were right-handed, this side was associated with favorable sympathetic magic and manly strength; and the idea that this side must necessarily be involved was very persistent. As recently as this century—and long after there had been clear indications that the male alone determines sex—Dr. E. Rumley Dawson wrote several scientific publications, including one called *The Causation of Sex in Man*, claiming that a woman's right ovary produced eggs that were male, whereas the left one produced female ones.

Forty years ago, a medical discovery established at last a logical basis on which to predetermine the sex of a human being. A German doctor, Felix Unterberger, Professor of Obstetrics at the Mercy Hospital in Königsberg, knew that sodium bicarbonate solutions had been used with great success in certain cases of sterility in farm animals and also that some sterile women had abnormally acid vaginal secretions that, he suspected rightly, would actually kill sperm. He advised his sterile patients to douche their vaginas with two-percent soda solution shortly before intercourse and, to his great surprise, not only did the patients who did this conceive, they gave birth only to boys.

He thought hard about the results and decided—rightly, as we now know—that an acid vagina environment has a different effect on x and y sperm. The father alone determines the sex of a child, for the ovum is, in biological terms, sexless. He produces both the larger female-producing (x) sperm and the smaller, faster-swimming male-producing (y) ones. A slightly alkaline medium favors the y sperm, which will then out-distance the x ones in the race to fertilize the ovum; whereas an acidic medium hobbles and eventually kills off the y's, leaving the heavier, slower female-producing sperm to do the work of fertilization. Based on these assumptions, Dr. Unterberger began the first systematic sex-choice experiments. If a couple wanted a boy, he advised the husband to powder his organ with sodium bicarbonate before coitus. Of the fifty-four couples whom he so advised, fifty-three wives subsequently produced boys. The odd one was subsequently discovered to have been already pregnant with a girl at the time she consulted the doctor. He published these remarkable results in the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift*, the premier German medical journal, in 1930. Unfortunately, he had not been able to confirm, conversely, that the addition of lemon juice or

reckoned as the fifteenth day before the next menstruation).

2. The woman should have an orgasm slightly before the man, thus opening the mouth of the uterus to encourage the male-producing sperm to go into its favorable alkaline medium and out of the acid vagina.

3. The man should have avoided intercourse for several days before so that his ejaculate contains the maximum number of sperm of both kinds. Statistics on potentates with harems have shown that the great frequency of their lovemaking causes them to have abnormally large numbers of female children.

Another book, by David M. Rorvik with Dr. Landrum B. Shettles, called *Your Baby's Sex: Now You Can Choose*, has apparently drawn heavily on Borosini's work. It is probably the best available manual in the world for couples who are interested in improving on the random sex pattern of the children they produce. With the late Dr. Sophia Kleegman, Clinical Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at New York University's School of Medicine and director of the Infertility Clinic at Bellevue Hospital Center in New York City, Dr. Shettles succeeded in producing 80 percent of the desired sex; and he believes that 90 to 95 percent is not impossible. For full details, the book should be read; but given summarily, these are rules for women who wish to produce male children:

1. Have intercourse as near the moment of ovulation as possible. This can be detected either by the pain that some women experience (*Mittelschmerz*), by careful temperature taking (a sudden dip of perhaps two tenths of a degree over a period of a day indicates ovulation), or by testing the glucose level of the cervix with a piece of diabetic testing tape (the cervical glucose level reaches a peak at ovulation time).

2. Douche before intercourse with a solution of 2 tablespoons of baking soda to 1 quart of water.

3. If possible, have an orgasm slightly before the male.

4. The male should penetrate from the rear, bringing the end of the penis and the mouth of the womb into close apposition. (The face-to-face "missionary position," so called because it is virtually unknown in primitive races, is actually said to have been invented by Roman courtesans to hinder conception.)

5. The male should penetrate deeply at the moment of his orgasm.

6. The male should abstain from intercourse for the whole cycle up to the date of ovulation.

Picturesquely enough, Dr. Shettles says that, under these circumstances, the male sperm will "race through the vagina like a cab going down Broadway on a green light."

To conceive girls, Dr. Shettles recommends:

1. Intercourse should cease two or three days before ovulation.

2. The woman should douche herself before intercourse with an acid solution of 2 tablespoons white vinegar to 1 quart of water.

3. She should avoid orgasm, as, apart from opening the cervix, this also stimulates the flow of alkaline secretions which male sperm prefer.

4. Intercourse should be in the "missionary position" to be sure that the sperm are forced to negotiate the acid vagina.

5. The male should penetrate shallowly at the time of his orgasm for the same reason.

6. Intercourse up to the cut-off point three days before ovulation should be frequent, to lower the sperm count. About this, Dr. Shettles observed dryly, that "having girls is more fun."

If we all produce children of the sex we prefer, it is possible that we will discover that we have invented another form of pollution. Meanwhile, however, there can be little doubt that Mr. Rorvik and Dr. Shettles will ease the unhappiness of a great number of people. ▼

lactic acid to the vaginal secretion to acidify it would produce similarly convincing results with girl children for one simple reason: he could not muster a group of couples who wanted girls.

Since then, many different ways have been elaborated for sorting male-producing from female-producing sperm; and, although the experiments have been done mostly with animals, there is little doubt that they would have been equally effective with humans.

Among the means of picking out x and y sperms, one of the earliest and most elegant was that of a Russian, Dr. Vera Schroeder. She found that if she passed an electric current through a solution of rabbit sperm, the female-producing tended to collect at the anode (positive pole) whereas the male-producing were drawn to the cathode (negative pole). Dr. Manuel J. Gordon has also tried this electrophoretic method of sperm separation and has claimed 64 percent success in producing males after inseminating with the sperm from the cathode, and 71 percent in females with sperm from the anode. Obviously this method has a future. Among other things, this sharply divided electrical sensitivity, if proven, would make one wonder both how far electricity plays a role in attracting the sperm on their journey to the womb; and, indeed, how big a part it plays in sexual attraction generally.

Another method of separation, tried first by John McLeod, Jr. and Edmund Newton Harvey at Princeton University, is by whirling the semen around in a high-speed centrifuge. As the x sperms are not only larger than the y ones but also heavier, the two varieties will separate out into layers. Some Swedish workers claim to have achieved exclusively male calves by using only the lighter sperm fraction, but again the work has not yet been done on a great scale.

A third method is sedimentation. An Indian zoologist, Dr. B. C. Bhattacharya, noticed that sperm that had stood for a day appeared to produce more bull calves when inseminated. His theory was that the heavier female-producing sperm sank, leaving the lighter male-producing sperm higher up in the solution to bring about the bull calves.

Finally, two advanced suggestions have been put forward; one, that of Dr. E. James Lieberman of the National Institute of Mental Health in Washington, D.C., is that a special vaginal diaphragm should be developed to let through only the required x or y sperm. Another is that a pill should be developed, to be taken before intercourse, to do the same. This suggestion does not appear to be farfetched.

So what can you do *now* to be sure of having children of the sex that you wish? The first authoritative book on the subject, *Choosing the Sex of Your Child*, is by an Austrian, Dr. August J. von Borosini, published in English in 1953. This careful and distinguished work recommends three points to observe if you wish to increase to over 60 percent your chances of producing a boy:

1. You must have intercourse on the day of ovulation (which he





# Superscenic life

PRINCE AND PRINCESS EDUARD EGON VON FÜRSTENBERG'S  
ADVENTUROUS MANHATTAN APARTMENT  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY HORST

Speed, distance, variety key the lives of Diane and Egon von Fürstenberg, above, who commute between Sardinia and Fire Island, Italy and New York, and other points of irresistibility. She is part feathers, part flint, sultry, lithe, Belgium-born. He is a blond Austrian with Hungarian and Italian grandmothers and an American great-grandmother. In their twenties, the Fürstenbergs, who met as students at the University of Geneva in Switzerland, live in Manhattan by choice and with pioneering zeal. New York is "stimulating, it's where the action is, and besides," said Princess von Fürstenberg, "one can be extremely anonymous here, one can live as one pleases." What pleases this couple is taxiing to work mornings in New York, she to design dresses, he to sell real estate, and returning late afternoons to their children, Alexandre, two, and eleven-month-old Tatiana, with whom they live in their Italian-staffed, wholly up-to-now apartment in the Eighties. There, a bland run-of-the-clichés space has, with the intervention of decorator Pierre Scapula, been slicked into a vivid backdrop for the Fürstenbergs' collected paintings and great variety of friends. "We see different groups of people all the time," the Princess said. "The square, the old, the intellectual, the artistic, all Europeans. Again, that is the charm of New York—never the same people twice in a row."

Diane von Fürstenberg, opposite, in the elongated hallway that begins as an art gallery and midway is curtained into a tent, pleated roof and all. The curtaining, dark sapphire, ruby, and white Javanese print, leads to the living room straight ahead with do-it-yourself sculpture at the juncture—Albrizzi plastic cubes pyramided and filled with favorite things.



## THE FÜRSTENBERGS' SUPERSCENIC LIFE

Above: Diane von Fürstenberg, who loves "luxurious things," can't abide "false modesty," chooses deep-pile velvets in the living room: her one and only sofa (banquettes edge the fireplace-wall corners) is flame-patterned velvet in shades of caramel against the mottled ruby walls "lacquered" with vinyl paper. The eighteenth-century desk to the right, the antique box-laden velvet-skirted table to the left, the burst of lilacs are at romantic odds with the paintings, left to right, by Josef Albers, Ernest Trova, Nicholas Krushenick, and Robert Harvey. Right, above: Still life on the table top, rare and cherished boxes; fruit of precious and near-precious substances — quartz, corals, rubies, enamels — most of them the Fürstenbergs' presents to each other, most often made by Fabergé.

Near right: The tented passageway, hung with twin crystal chandeliers, may be set for overflow dinner guests who cluster around a low, spur-of-the-moment table. Far right: Diane von Fürstenberg on the furred hearth at the opposite side of the living room. In front of the velvet-upholstered twin banquettes, two especially designed tortoiseshell coffee tables hold favorite pieces of silver. A Hans Hofmann painting hangs over the fireplace, one by Larry Rivers to the left; the large painting on the right is by Matta.



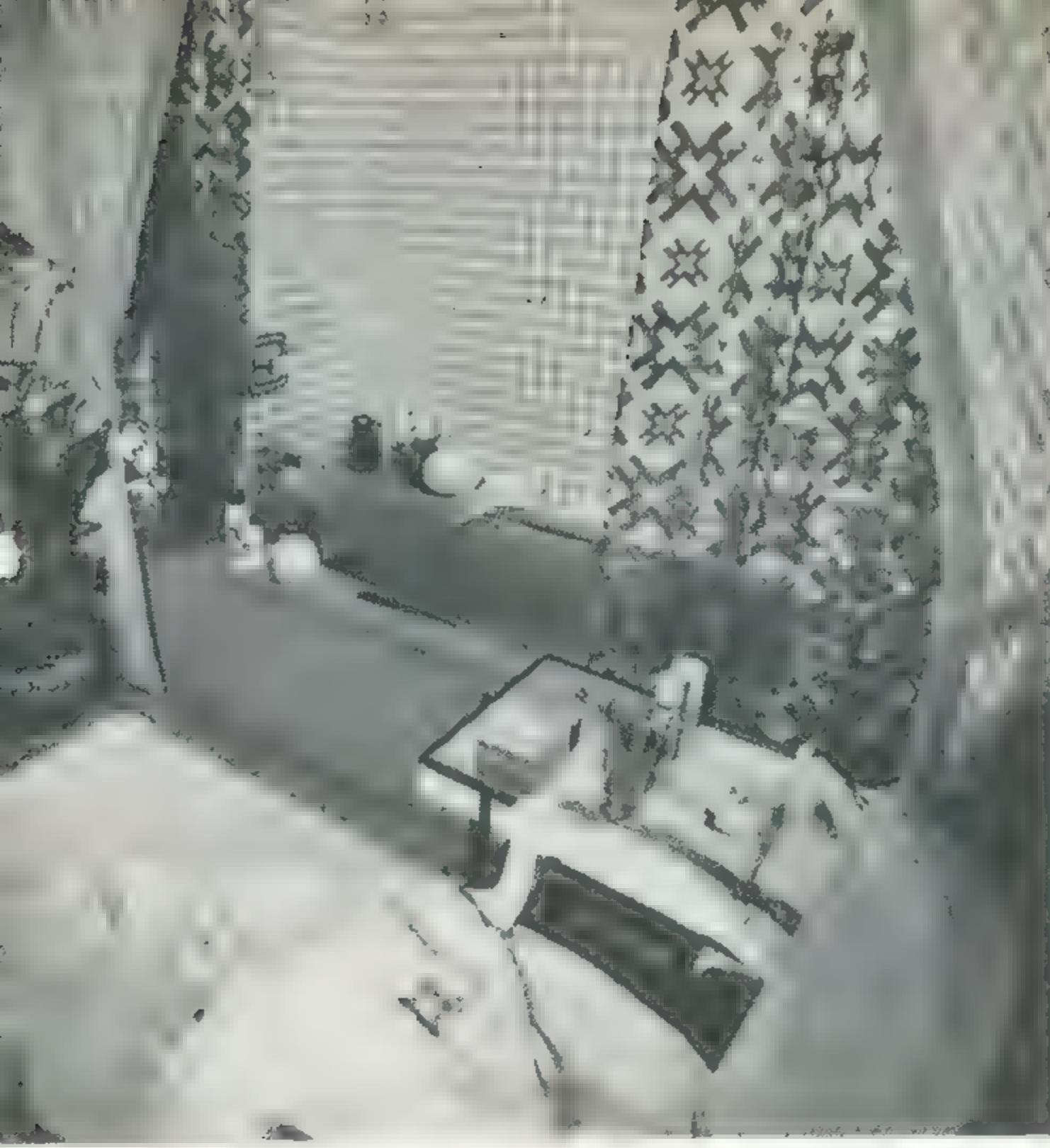






**S**THE FÜRSTENBERGS' SUPERSCENIC LIFE

Opposite: The Fürstenbergs' bedroom—an inventive assemblage of color and texture. Zigzagging on navy-blue straw-clothed walls, nine tone-on-yellow-tone paintings by Anuszkiewicz. For the floor, a curly carpet; for the bed, the sensuousness of vicuña. *Immediately above:* The mirrored bedroom alcove with a second writing table, a silk-screen print of Marilyn Monroe, and, to the right, a white leather "bag" to sit on. *Top:* Alexandre's room, a ragtime of brass, red, white, and blue in offbeat measures. Against an apple-dappled wallpaper, Richard Hird's portrait of the Fürstenbergs.



# BATHING ROOM

***The great American dream room designed by English decorator David Hicks***

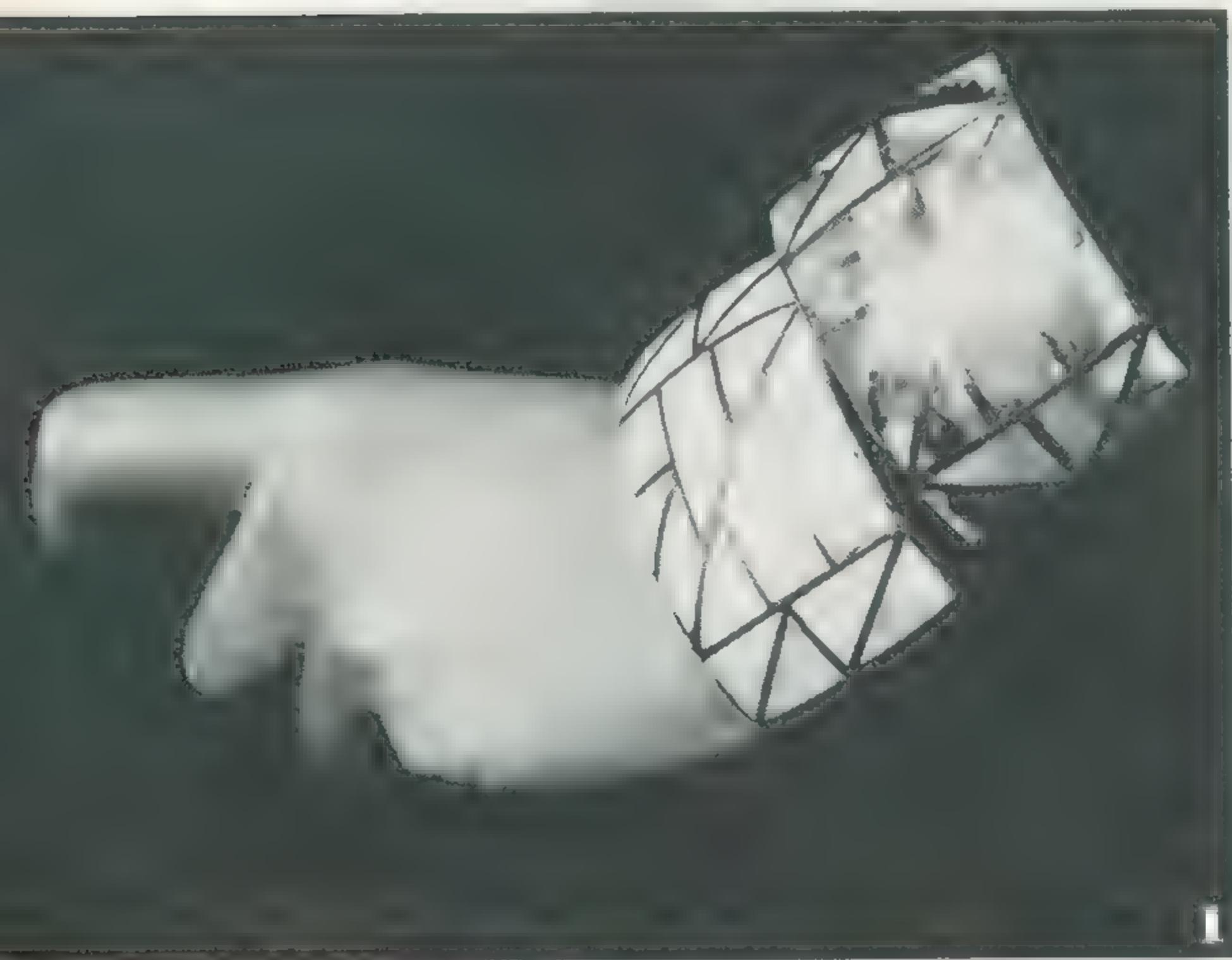
David Hicks has brought back the bathing room as personal, luxurious, and imaginative as the glorious ones painted by Boucher and Tintoretto, immortalizing reigning beauties in the delicious ritual of the bath. Hicks's bathing rooms have won him a special fame in England and Europe, have brought him now to America where the bath is making waves. In the airy spacious private world on these pages, built by the Kohler Company, he uses fresh green fixtures to accent white for a garden room look. Here is a retreat in which to relax, read, watch T.V., listen to music, exercise, take a sauna, a shower, or a long lazy bath in scented tepid water...the kind that tunes up the body, spirit, and looks. It is here one takes care of face and hair. It is also a greenhouse with a private deck for sunning or moon-viewing. It's as personal as the woman who inspired it, but could, by design, be shared with her husband. Then the tie-back curtains would be cut full enough to drop, closing off areas, as needed, for privacy.



**Opposite page:** a panoramic view from the doorway. To the left, a Plexiglas étagère holds Panasonic stereo, books, towels. Beyond it are doors to the sauna, the shower, a closet. On the far wall, three curtained compartments for hairdressing, the bath, the toilet and bidet. Curtain fabrics and towels were designed by David Hicks for J.P. Stevens, the tiles for Tiles International. To the right is the sun deck and a curtained makeup area with a G.E. mini refrigerator (see this page, lower left). A skirted table by the daybed holds telephone, photographs, writing and reading things. Beside it, a gooseneck reading lamp. A Panasonic television, in Plexiglas, swivels on John Vesey's steel cube table....This page, above, a wheeled table holds telephone, heated towels, pencils, and pad. The hooded terrycloth robe is ready on a Henredon armchair. More information on page 104.







## *A Gift from the Indians*

**Look at these superb necklaces and bracelets handcrafted by—or made of elements handcrafted by—American Indians. To own them, to wear them, is like living intimately with a bit of art....**

1. Double cuffs of solid silver, inlaid with mosaic patterns of either spiny oyster shell or iridescent white shell. \$115 and \$150. The American Indian Arts Center, 1051 Third Avenue....
2. One from a one-of-a-kind collection of jewelry created by Irena Corwin using antique Indian elements—threads of turquoise wampum strung with bird-shaped pendants of Zuñi white shell. Mrs. Corwin's art-necklaces are available through Pace Editions, 32 East 57th Street....
3. A rope of sterling silver beads hung with silver replicas of a traditional decorative symbol—made by the Cochitis. \$125. The American Indian Arts Center, 1051 Third Avenue....



# IF YOU'RE depressed . . .

(Continued from page 53)

had never felt as confused, as lost; and she was embarrassed about asking for help. As for her future, she had only a very vague plan of trying to find a small restaurant where she could sing just to eat.

In spite of her misery, she carried herself straight and with dignity. Yet, when questioned, she had a distorted and self-condemning picture of herself . . . "people always said that I was beautiful, but I never really believed it." Yet, she was a beautiful woman, blond, slim, with the wide-eyed openness of a child.

A year later, her great opportunity came. She had worked hard and had developed more confidence and poise than ever before. But she was frightened: "Will I make it, or lose a chance that may never come again?" She controlled her fear and her often rising anger during all of the rough and merciless auditions, and succeeded in getting the leading role in a Broadway musical. Opening night was a triumph; the critics made her a star.

After three weeks of living in an exalted state close to unreality, she telephoned one night. Her jubilance was gone. Her small voice and her crying indicated that she was depressed. That evening, she had been told that her performances had become so bad she was jeopardizing the show. She was still dumbfounded when she resumed her therapy. In her state of regression she was bewildered as to what had happened. She gave all sorts of reasons, one being that she was not used to the demands of playing on Broadway. She found acting the same part every night boring.

The deeper reason for her failure was linked with her mother. When she was a girl, she dreamed of doing something extraordinary to win her mother's approval. Her mother had never praised her and, while the girl had felt immense rage and anger about it, she felt driven by a compulsive need to win, for once, her mother's applause.

Why did she fail? Her mother had always favored her older brother. And yet, she had paid for all the dancing and singing

lessons during the girl's adolescence because she considered her daughter awkward and clumsy and thought that dancing and singing would make it easier for her to find a nice, well-to-do husband.

Her mother's negative attitude became evident when her daughter's Hollywood career began to decline. She wrote letters pleading with her daughter to give up "that circus life" and come home. "I had—just for once—to convince her that I was worthy of her love."

My patient's success in the theater was therefore not an act of pure creativity or love but an act of vengeance for which she was using creativity. Consequently, after having proven her point, she lacked further motivation. The depression came as the result of a deep feeling of disappointment and anger and guilt. She felt betrayed. The love she craved never came. The happiness she thought to attain through fame evaded her. The difficult lesson she had to learn was to replace her neurotic drives with new goals and new values to develop a sense of self-worth.

**DEPRESSION THAT IS INWARD AGGRESSION:** Depressions are triggered not only by loss. The greater number are caused by an inability to express hostility. It is aggression turned against the self.

When provoked, the body reacts with a natural impulse to strike back. It is fight or flight. But when a rigid code of "proper" civilized behavior does not permit any acting out of rage or anger or disagreement with another, the instinctive forces of aggression become an explosive and destructive or paralyzing force within.

Our conscience, its greater part hidden in the unconscious, retains **an almighty veto power over what the instincts desire and the ego may want.** We all have to exercise control in order to live in an organized society. And we all have to negotiate between what is desirable and what is realistically possible or safe. In that way, we make decisions. Control, then,

is a necessity. Over-inhibition becomes a destructive force that flattens out the remarkable potentials of one's ego and straitjackets inner freedom. To function effectively, we have to learn more or less skillful diplomacy in negotiating between our forces of healthy aggression and our often too harsh and too restrictive taboos. There is a safe area in between. Within the given framework of our civilized society, there is ample room for an enjoyable and creative life. Self-assertion means to take one's place in society according to one's ability, but also to respect the rights of others. It means to speak one's mind, without fear and without resorting to pressure or force.

**SYMPTOMS OF DEPRESSION:** There are subjective and objective signs of depression. Some of the painful and morbid feelings are known only to the person who is depressed. Other symptoms are evident to people around him.

Depressions that appear some time after a traumatic impact, or become deeper, relate to changes within the personality, often accompanied by a loss of hope. To such a person, life becomes meaningless to the point of confessing he would be better off dead than alive. Recurring suicidal fantasies must be taken seriously, because a person in a prolonged state of depression is capable of acting out a destructive impulse.

One of the most frequent symptoms depressed people complain about is sleep disturbances, difficulty in falling asleep or too early awakening. (The falling-asleep problem can often be related to an unconscious fear of death. Such a fear can frequently be traced back to childhood experiences and a fear of not waking up the next morning.)

Other symptoms are constipation, frequent voiding during the night, and a variety of psychosomatic symptoms such as fatigue states and gastro-intestinal or cardio-vascular disturbances. Different people have different body targets, that is, organs that act up under stress. Psychosomatic illness often serves as a cover-

up for a depression a person may not be able to face.

Unless depression is successfully masked, family and friends have no difficulty in detecting changes. A heretofore fastidious woman may become sloppy in her way of dressing or makeup or of wearing her hair. There may be a general loss of interest, or a change in life-style or a withdrawal from friends. Depressed people lose their sense of joy and their readiness to laugh.

Sleep is a common means of escape. People may not want to get up in the morning and may react to even slight adversities during the day by taking long naps.

One most evident sign of depression is the lessening of intellectual sharpness, a diminishment of mental concentration to the point of appearing dull. Unchecked, even the facial expression may become rigid and the eyes may seem lifeless. Depressed people may defend themselves by an air of unapproachability. They create an atmosphere of an impenetrable void or condensed boredom so that no one can get through to them.

**CURING DEPRESSION:** Having stated that all people may become depressed at one time or another, let us draw a conclusion about the causes of depression. It is almost self-evident that we can stem a depression if we recognize the symptoms early enough and if we decide to do something about it. Unfortunately, there are people who think we become better human beings through suffering and, unfortunately, there are martyrs who use suffering as a means of making others feel guilty. These people wallow in their misery and depression, but if we discount these neurotic people and if we accept the belief that everyone is entitled to enjoy his existence and productivity, then let us pull out of the weeds of depression before they grow deeper roots.

A depression is best fought by channeling aggression into controlled action. We call this process sublimation. Instead of

(Continued on page 103)

What happens if control of the weather—formerly an Act of God—becomes a campaign issue?

# Make your own WEATHER

BY THOMAS D. NICHOLSON

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Dr. Thomas D. Nicholson, director of The American Museum of Natural History since 1969, is seen by New Yorkers every Saturday and Sunday night on WNBC-TV's eleven o'clock News 4 New York when he forecasts weather, a skill he developed in the Merchant Marine. Dr. Nicholson, who took his doctorate in astronomy, has also done Arctic geodetic surveys.

**T**o change the weather and to call up on command the sunny pleasant day we want, the cool and clear night for sleeping, the gentle rain just after we have seeded the field or fertilized the lawn: what a wondrous dream. But wait a bit with the rain, I've just sprayed the fruit trees. And don't make the sunshine too hot; and while you're at it, couldn't you tone down the humidity just a bit? As for a clear night, I meant "one-blanket cool," not ten degrees below zero.

Choosing our weather might not be easy. The choices are fairly broad and potentially complex. First of all, we would have to come to some concise agreement on the terms we could use to describe the weather. If we called for a sunny day, would we be satisfied with an average 50 percent cloud cover, or only 10 percent? And if rain were ordered, how much and how heavy? Worse still, how would we decide what weather to serve up?

How about electing a Weathermaker, as we elect a mayor or a senator? We could elect a whole series of them, on the national, state, and local levels; and they might sit in chamber at certain times of the year and parcel out the seasons, the rain, the snow, and divvy up the sunny days and cool nights in relation to the need as they saw it; or perhaps on a population basis—for after all, it was votes that put them in office and will keep them there. I'm not sure if it ought to be limited to a two-party system, though. Would it be the Sunnies versus the Cloudies; the Wets versus the Dries; the Colds

versus the Hots?

Of course, we are far from the day when we may have to make such decisions. But we are not far from some of the fundamental problems they imply. Weather modification is a process we are learning more and more about and actually practicing more extensively than most of us realize. The potential in this field of science and technology is so great that the federal government has already taken steps to place legislative and administrative control on its practitioners.

Serious investigations and experiments into the possibility of introducing man-made changes or modifications into weather and climate began a little more than twenty years ago, principally in the field of building or modifying cloud structures and rainfall. But during the past two decades, the scope of these investigations has broadened immensely. Where once it was accepted without question that weather systems and climate were dominated by natural processes, it is now recognized that man-made factors are important, worthy of investigation.

At a recent national conference on weather modification, major sessions were devoted to the problems of inadvertent weather changes induced by human activities, to a variety of methods for inducing cloud development and growth and precipitation in the form of rain or snow, to the dissipation or clearing of fog and clouds, to the suppression of hail and its effect in crop damage, and to legal and economic factors and public attitudes toward "rain-making." An American delegation studying weather-modification research in Russia reported recently on progress along similar lines of investigation there, but also reported major success in protecting crops from hail damage using artillery and rockets to inject the cloud structures. Serious discussion has taken place in Russia over the possibilities of increasing fresh-water supply by melting Arctic glaciers and of induc-

ing a rise in the mean temperature of Arctic regions.

In the United States, Project Stormfury was formally organized as a joint venture of the Departments of Defense and Commerce in 1962 to investigate ways of altering tropical cyclones, including hurricanes, in ways beneficial to mankind. These tropical storms are the products of unusual and massive energy transfer from warm tropical waters into the air and of the eventual release of this energy in restricted areas and in restricted ways. Interfering with either process could modify the storm.

The average annual damage caused by hurricanes in the United States is in excess of three hundred million dollars. And one major storm can cause damage of one and one-half billion or more. The cost of Project Stormfury, estimated at well under one million dollars a year, is a small investment indeed as compared to the potential economic benefits that could result from even a 10 percent reduction in the damage caused by a major storm, such as Betsy in 1965 or Camille in 1969.

Results are encouraging. Chemical-seeding experiments on Hurricane Debbie in 1969 were carried out on two days while the storm was approaching the American coast. Maximum winds in the storm's center were observed to decrease in intensity by 31 percent several hours after the first seeding, by 15 percent after the second. On the intermediate day, when no seeding was done, the storm intensified.

In the face of such progress as this and in the certainty that jet aircraft routinely modify cloud structures along their flight paths, that atmospheric pollution—particulate as well as thermal—is causing recognized weather anomalies, that experiments in controlled weather modification do succeed, it is time to explore the legal, economic, personal, and behavioral problems in this new assault of man on nature. We ought to have a voice in choosing our Weathermaker and

in delegating to him certain, and only certain, rights. Others we must reserve to nature.

The weathermakers themselves, the competent and thoughtful meteorologists and atmospheric physicists who are investigating and experimenting with man-induced weather changes, are concerned over such problems. They report our policy on weather modification to be confusing, with major issues, such as regulation, public-private relations, federal-state-local responsibilities, and international implications, unresolved or even unexplored.

The solutions to these problems may not be easy until more is known about the basic processes of weather systems themselves, the techniques that may be effective in changing them, and the effects of these techniques. There are distressing discrepancies in the reported results of cloud-seeding experiments. The tracks and precipitation potentials of tropical storms are not so easy to forecast accurately that we can be certain as to the causes of differences that occur, with or without modification.

Certainly, the economic benefits potential in successful weather modification can be enormous, but what of the associated liabilities that may result. As long as weather is considered "an act of God," its impact on the individual cannot lead to claims for redress. But let it be clear that man has interfered deliberately in the process, and it may not be too easy to apportion the benefits and liabilities equitably. Shall the farmer who benefits from the man-induced rain share the potential loss to the nearby resort operation? Or will this be the liability of the experimenter or of the government who authorized the modification program?

Weather experts and our national leaders have not yet come to grips with these issues. With the wider application of weather-modifying programs that is sure to come in future years, someone will have to. ▼



1  
The spectacularly beautiful ball given at the château de Ferrières by Baron and Baronne Guy de Rothschild



2

## REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PROUST

(Continued from page 51)  
one is sure it echoes its chosen époque . . . and is it even more, is this perhaps an avocation of something older, of glorious, extravagant courts . . . the pageant of Versailles? . . . Certainly this night could happen only in France where there is the heritage, tradition, the *care* to conceive of it . . . and players for all the roles . . . and artisans who care, who still have the skills, the temperament to produce the exquisite elements that produce such beauty. . . . ▼



3



4

1. The château de Ferrières as it appeared in the sketch on the invitation and, 2, as it appeared on arrival at the ball, blazing with light. . . . 3. Baronne Guy de Rothschild greeting guests. . . . 4. Guest from America, artist Andy Warhol. . . . 5. Elizabeth Taylor dancing with M. Patrice Calmettes. . . . 6. M. and Mme. Jean-Louis Scherrer, she in pink-sashed white feathers designed by M. Scherrer. . . . 7. Feather-plume époque hat, one of the many outstanding *coiffures du soir*, as called for on the invitation. . . . 8. Baron and Baroness Thierry Van Zuylen as Nicholas and Alexandra in costumes from the film, designed by Antonio Castillo. . . .



5



6



7

8

## IF YOU'RE DEPRESSED . . .

(Continued from page 101)  
taking a nap, we can take a walk. Instead of withdrawing into solitude, we can decide to give a party. Instead of moving away from people, we can make an effort to move *toward* people; use the telephone to communicate; visit someone. Instead of ruminating, go to a concert or to a movie. There are endless things we can do even if initially it is an immense and at times frightening effort. **The key word is action.** And for the key philosophy, let us turn to Seneca, the

Roman stoic who said: "Take nature as your guide—to live happily is to live naturally."

We may wish to die for a moment when we lose someone we have loved deeply, a mate or a friend, or even money. Mourning must be limited in time. To prolong grief is a sweet-bitter self-indulging neurotic reaction that can turn into sickness. As healthy humans we must replace a loss. A beloved human being cannot be replaced as simply as a house. But we cannot live in a void; we must not—as Lot's wife did—look back. Whatever the season of life, it offers different joys—if we care to turn our eyes

outward, if we avoid self-pity and self-torture. When depressed, we must take a small step at a time and two steps the next day.

William James said: "The discovery of our generation is the fact that human beings can alter their lives by altering their attitudes of mind." Depression is self-hate and its cure is love.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Hutschnecker, originally an internist graduated from Berlin's Friedrich Wilhelm Institute in 1925, now practices psychotherapy exclusively. He is the author of *The Will to Live* and *The Will to Happiness*.



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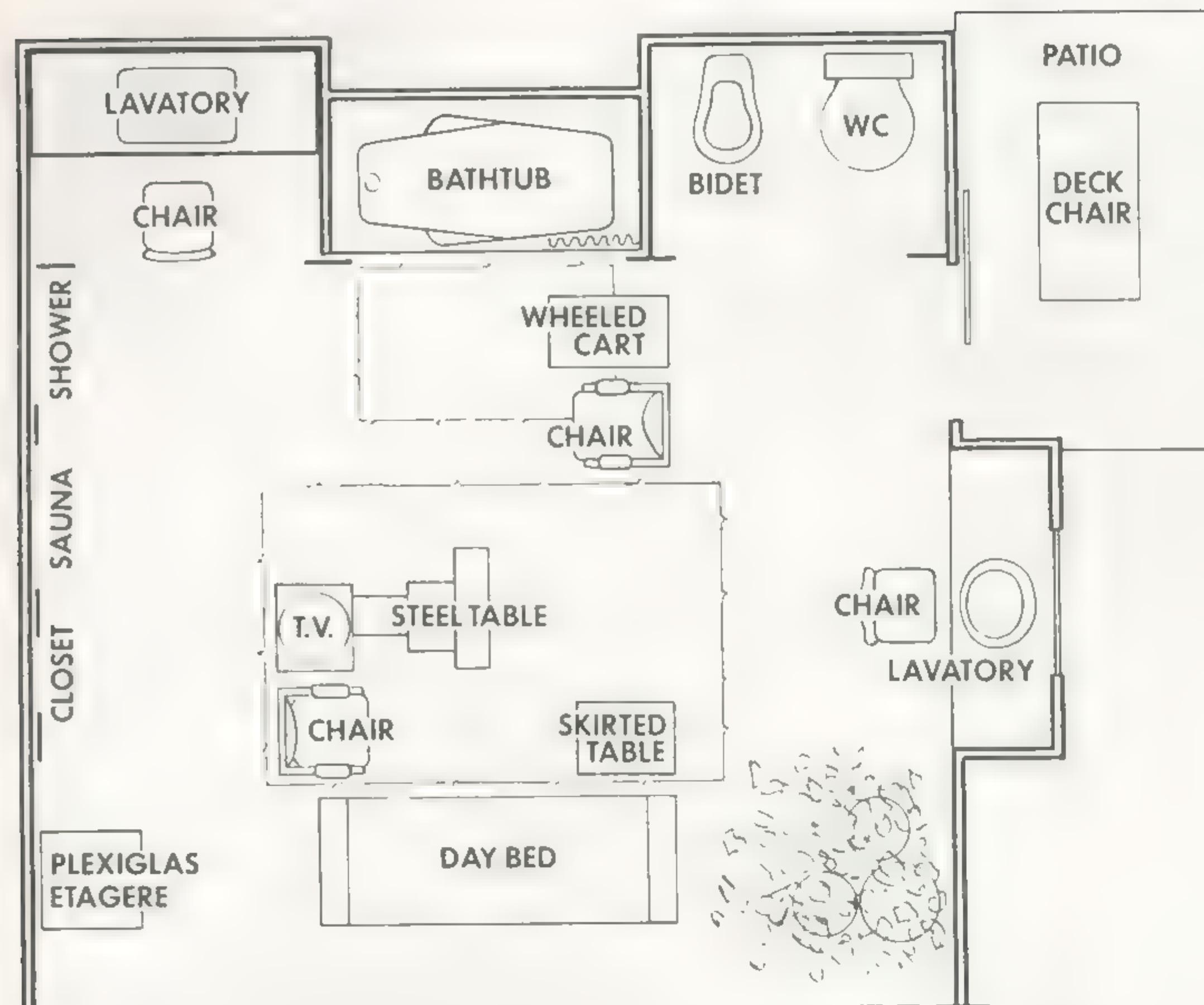
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## THE BATHING ROOM

(Continued from page 98)



**The floor plan, above, explains the 18' by 20' bathing room shown on pages 98 and 99. Designed by David Hicks, it is a private retreat for relaxation. The depth may be reduced by eliminating the sauna, shower, and sun deck if not needed.**

**Decorating details:** David Hicks designed the no-iron sheeting, Zed, made into curtains with jade terry binding. His towels are in jade, shamrock, and azure. All for J.P. Stevens. Shower curtains by David Hicks, 6' by 6', \$10 ea., for Jakson.

David Hicks green-and-white Italian ceramic tiles, 8" by 8", at Designers Tile International, 6812 S.W. 81st St., Miami, Fla. The Kohler fixtures in a new Fresh Green are: Lady Vanity lavatory with pull-out shampoo spray, Caribbean bath tub, 6' long with chrome grips, Rochelle water closet, Carvelle bidet, and oval Pennington lavatory in the makeup area.

Dressing tables in the face- and hair-care areas are covered in Ice White Formica laminated plastic, walls in Bright Green. Southern Pine flooring, stained green, from the Edward Hines Lumber Company of Chicago, Ill. The heavy Belgian linens used on chairs, daybed, table: I.D. Fabric #1571; Howard & Shaffer #1412; S.M. Hexter #1425. All are at 979 Third Ave., N.Y.\* The two white Mezzo rugs of Trevira, to order, Bloomingdale's.

Henredon's comfortable Louis XVI style arm chairs add luxury, are at fine furniture stores. Italian folding chairs in tubular chrome steel and clear plastic, imported by Krueger Metal Products, \$45

at Altman's, N.Y.

A magnificent polished steel cocktail table arranges cubes like mini sculpture. To order, John Vesey, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.\* On it, Orbital T.V. on a swivel base. Essex all-in-one stereo-radio-cassette, on the Plexiglas étagère. Both by Panasonic.

Cedric Hartman's super chrome adjustable lamp, by the daybed, \$350. Luten Clarey & Stern, 1059 Third Ave., N.Y.\* A two-tier wheeled table, by the tub, is of bronze-framed lacquered cane. To order, Karl Springer, 306 E. 61st St., N.Y. The oval floor scales are by Borg.

G.E. appliances include a Mist Condition Speed Hair Setter, a Fashion Mist Hair Dryer, an Automatic Tooth Brush, Manicure set, and Massager. One side of the makeup dressing table is a G.E. mini Party Refrigerator to chill lotions and potables. The sterling tea service and accessories are from Tiffany.

Clear Plexiglas bath accessories and the chrome towel-warming rack, Hammacher-Schlemmer. Orchids and ferns, The City Gardener, 473 Third Ave., N.Y. The bath preparations are Estée Lauder's Azurée. Hair- and nail-care preparations are by Revlon. Cosmetics, creams, and lotions from Elizabeth Arden.

\*THROUGH DECORATORS

## ARCH ENEMY

(Continued from page 69)

irritants produced by metabolism of bacteria in the plaque—cause inflammation of the gum tissues (gingivitis). At this stage, the problem is easily reversible. But if it's left untreated, the gums begin to separate from the teeth, forming pockets that are obvious traps for bacteria, debris—and infection. The disease (by now, it's called periodontitis, or pyorrhea) spreads to the fibers that hold teeth in place, then to the underlying bone. . . . The patient is now, to put it mildly, in big trouble. But even now, it may not be too late to save the day—and the tooth.

There are surgical procedures—some fairly simple, some extremely complex—that may be able to repair the damage and arrest the disease, if it's not too far advanced. . . . These operations are performed by a periodontist, a specialist who is not only fully trained as a dentist but has done two additional years of graduate work. At the first sign of serious periodontal trouble—pain, inflammation, bleeding gums—your dentist will probably recommend that you see such a specialist.

Periodontists fight to save teeth—and they do save them, if it's humanly possible. But their emphasis, more and more, is on prevention—heading off the causes of periodontal disease before it gets a foothold. . . . And prevention is now seen primarily as a matter of plaque control by the patient himself, or herself—a really efficient home-care program for removing plaque at least once every twenty-four hours, and preventing its buildup around the teeth.

How is this to be done? Finding out took us to the bright, modern offices of Dr. Marvin N. Okun and Dr. Irving Yudkoff, eminent New York periodontists who are also Associate Clinical Professors in Dental Surgery (Periodontology) at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. Plaque control, to these two doctors, their associates, Dr. Carol Brownstein and Dr. Mark Forrest, their hygienist, and the rest of their staff, is a sort of crusade—Drs. Okun and Yudkoff have been preaching it for years to patients, students, and anyone else who would listen. Nowadays, just about everybody is listening.

We asked if we might have

the regular indoctrination that's given to patients, and soon found ourselves in the office of Bonnie, the hygienist (a young, tall blonde who is cheerful, efficient, encouraging). For the next half-hour we listened to a riveting lecture, illustrated by colored slides, on plaque and how to deal with it. We saw how plaque forms, how it builds up around teeth, what happens if it's left undisturbed. Then we saw how it's revealed—forced to drop its cloak of invisibility; the patient chews a "disclosing" tablet of milk sugar and harmless red food coloring that stains only the plaque red. This is done periodically after cleansing to show the patient what areas have been missed. . . . We learned that the toothbrush should have soft, not hard, nylon bristles; that bristles should be rounded at the ends, not sharp or jagged; that the brush should be held firmly at a 45-degree angle. Most fluoride toothpastes are recommended as long as they're non-abrasive.

We also learned that brushing alone will do less than 50% of the job, since it will only dislodge plaque on the front and back surfaces of teeth—it can't reach the spaces between, where more than half the plaque forms. Only dental floss, slid down to the gumline and worked around the outside areas of each tooth, can do this job; therefore, a thorough flossing at least once every 24 hours is an essential part of the plaque-control program. . . . A water spray is rarely used while the patient is having periodontal treatment, but is recommended for the maintenance program afterward. It doesn't remove plaque, but is helpful in flushing out food debris and loosened plaque. (The spray should usually be set on Medium speed.)

After this, Bonnie presented us with one of the kits that's given to each patient, containing the proper kind of toothbrush, the red disclosing tablets, a roll of unwaxed dental floss (unwaxed because it picks up more plaque that way), a mouth mirror, and a booklet of instructions, clearly illustrated with "how-to" drawings. (If we'd been an actual patient, we'd also have received specific written instructions that applied to our particular case.)

After learning the correct techniques, each patient returns at least four times to demonstrate them for Bonnie—so she can be sure the patient understands and

has mastered the entire procedure. Once mastered, she estimates the brushing should take from two to five minutes, twice a day; flossing, from five to ten minutes once a day.

And if even that seems like too much trouble? Then, "There's no sense in going through periodontal treatment," said Dr. Yudkoff. "All periodontal surgery is doomed to failure without diligent plaque control. The responsibility moves from the practitioner's hands to those of the patient. . . . This whole concept of disease control is new—it's really taken shape only in the last five years. We knew about toothbrushing and flossing, of course, but we never had such a detailed and regimented program. The patient can control this problem—keep gum inflammation to a minimum—raise resistance of the tissue. For preventing smallpox or diphtheria, you still have to rely on the physician. But the patient who is motivated can control disease in his or her own mouth. Within a few years, every general practitioner will be teaching these methods. It's most effective on a one-to-one relationship. . . . Plaque control equals control of disease. The most striking thing about it is this: For the first time in the history of dentistry—150 years or so—prevention is now in the hands of the patient." ▼

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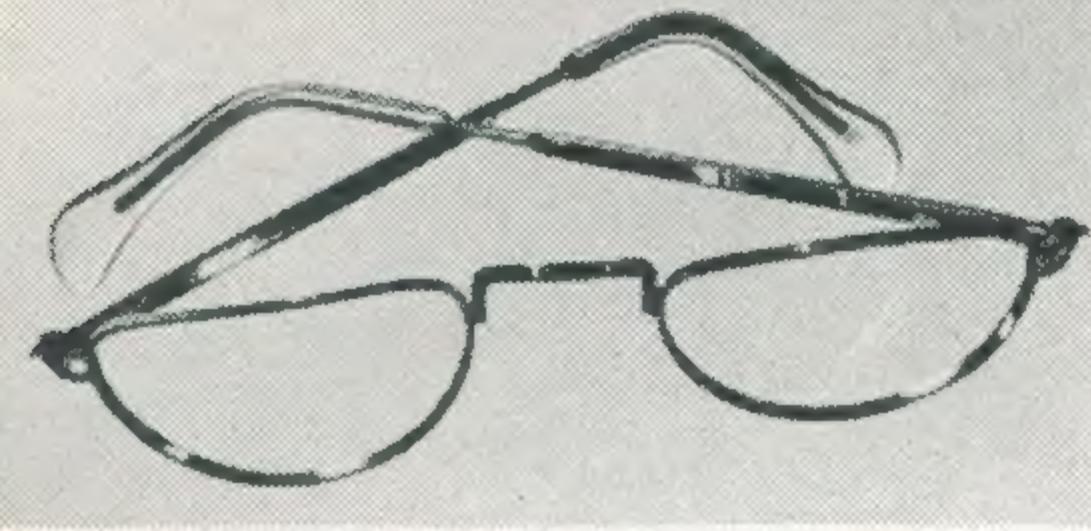
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## ACCESSORY INFORMATION

### GUIDELINES

**Page 27.** With the sweater suit by Miss Dior: William Tanenbaum hat; bracelets and pins on hat and shirt by K.J.L.; Burlington tights.

**Pages 28 and 29.** With Traina Boutique's sweater-and-skirt dress: William Tanenbaum hat; Lexon watch, at Bloomingdale's; Belle-Sharmeer tights; Palizzio shoes.

**Page 30.** With the one-button navy suit by Seymour Fox: Burlington tights; Palizzio shoes.

**Page 31.** With Originala's navy pants suit: Beret by Emmanuelle Khanh for Paris Collections; Sibley & Coffee shirt, at Bonwit Teller; bracelets by Michelle and Janis Savitt; Famolare shoes, at Bonniers.

**Page 32:** With Beged Or's blue-and-red suède coat: Napier earrings; chain by Pierre Cardin for Lucien Picard; Sibley & Coffee shirt; bracelets by Michelle and Janis Savitt; Amerex tights; shoes by California Cobblers.

**Page 33.** With the sweater coat from the 499 Division of Kloss-Pruzan: Mr. John hat; pin on hat, Carol's Attic by Carol Horn; Adelaar shirt; Gamma watch; bracelets by Michelle and Janis Savitt; Beauty Mist tights; Charles Jourdan shoes.

**Page 35.** With Harmon Knitwear's black jersey jeans: Charles Elkaim earrings; Missoni scarf; belt by Alexis Kirk, at Henri Bendel; shoes by Herbert Levine, at Bonwit Teller.

**Page 36.** With the flower-print dress by Oscar de la Renta: Earrings by William de Lillo, at Bonwit Teller.

**Page 38.** With the black satin an-

kle-length dress from Pierre Cardin Paris-New York: Earrings by K.J.L., at Bonwit Teller.

**Page 40:** With Chester Weinberg's printed black silk shirtdress: Bagatelle choker; Roman Stripe tights.

**Page 42.** With the Chinese work suit from Oscar de la Renta Boutique: K.J.L. earrings.

### VOGUE PATTERNS

**Page 66.** With Vogue Pattern 8011: Judith McCann earrings; Golo shoes.

**Page 67 and cover.** With Vogue Pattern 2598: K.J.L. earrings; Echo Designs scarf; flower by Dulken and Derrick; Golo shoes. Roman Stripe tights.

### SWEATERDRESSING

**Page 80.** With Damon's knit jumper-dress: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue; watch by Pierre Cardin for Lucien Picard; Elegant belt (belt that comes with dress, not shown); Bonnie Doon tights; Battani shoes.

**Page 81.** With the sleeveless turtleneck dress and cardigan from Halston International: Elegant belt; Amerex tights; shoes, Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel.

**Page 82.** With Jaeger's halter and pants turnout: Echo Designs scarf; wide white bangle by Donald Starnard; thin black bangles by Cadoro; thin white bangles by Bergère; Famolare shoes, at Bonniers.

**Page 83 (left).** With Scott Barrie's white turtleneck: William Tanenbaum hat; Elegant belt; Piaget watch.

**Page 83 (right).** With Jap's black V-neck: Mr. John hat; glasses by Vision Unlimited; bracelet by Arnold Copper, at Genesis.

**Page 84 (left).** With the body suit and dragon-print skirt from Great Times: Hat by Emmanuelle Khanh for Paris Collections; K.J.L. earrings; Piaget watch; Calderon belt; bag by Bonnie Cashin for Coach Leatherware; Danskin tights; shoes at I. Miller.

**Page 84 (right).** With the cardigan dress from Kloss-Pruzan: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Cadoro bangles; belt at Hanae Mori Boutique.

**Page 85.** With the yellow-stitched sweaterdress from the 499 Division of Kloss-Pruzan: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hanes tights; Famolare shoes, at Bonniers.

**Page 86 (left).** With Blassport's plaid vest and pants: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Palizzio shoes.

**Page 86 (right).** With Carlye's mixed-pattern shirtdress: hat by Emmanuelle Khanh for Paris Collections; Pleasure belt; Berkshire tights; Battani shoes.

**Page 87.** With the cardigan suit from Traina Boutique: Shirt by Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport; Elegant belt; Burlington tights; shoes by Florence Ottway for Mademoiselle.

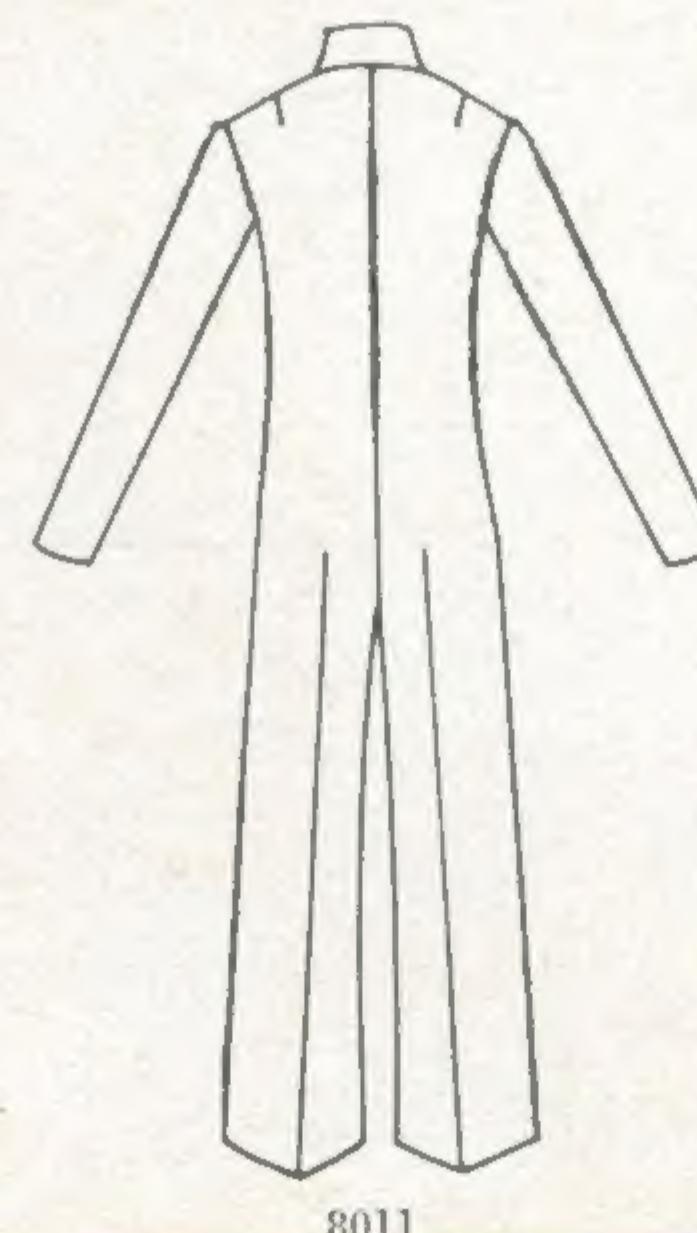
**Page 88 (left).** With Cisa's sweater coat: Knize scarf; Fownes gloves; Blassport pants; shoes by Palizzio.

**Page 88 (right).** With the navy pants suit by Kimberly: Blassport shirt; belt by Anne Klein for Calderon; David Evins shoes, at I. Miller.

**Page 89.** With the turnout by Abe Schrader: hat by William Tanenbaum; shirt by Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport; belt by Anne Klein for Calderon; Phoenix tights; Famolare shoes, at Bonniers.

### VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 66-67;  
other views, yardages, details)



8011



2598

*Far left:* The zippered knit jumpsuit. Vogue Pattern 8011. Sizes 8-14. Size 10 requires: 2½ yards of 60" fabric. \$2. In Canada, \$2.20. *Left:* Embroidered evening blazer. Vogue Pattern 2598 (pattern also includes pleated skirt, straight-legged pants, not shown). Sizes 6-14. For size 10 jacket: 2½ yards of 60" fabric. \$4.00. In Canada, \$4.40.

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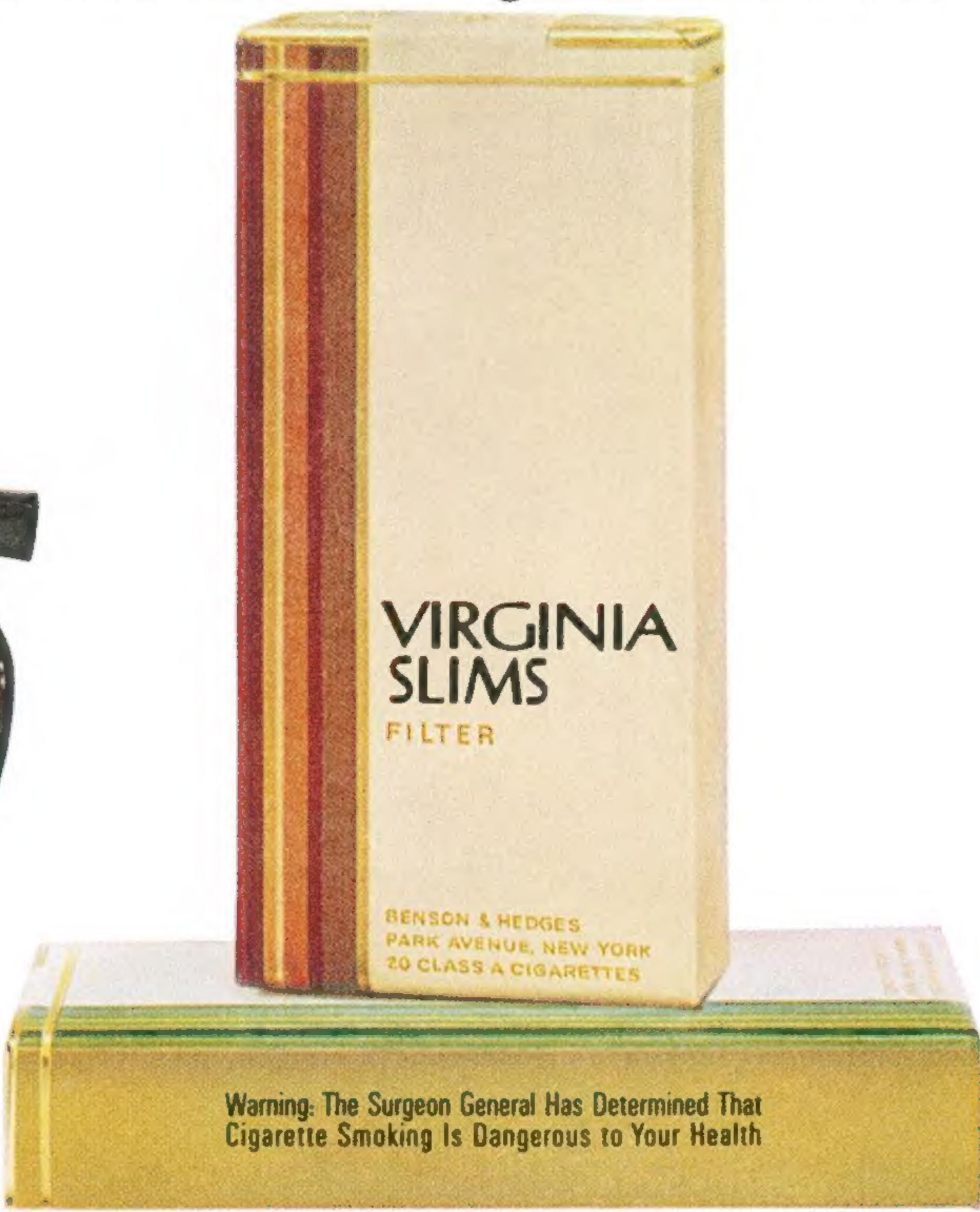
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